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J. B. PRIESTLEY: Thoughts in the Wilderness

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The Deepening Crisis in France

Now that the French strikes, which flared up so inconveniently for British holiday-makers, have burnt themselves out, there is a tendency to shrug off the whole incident as yet another wayward expression of Gallic temperament. No diagnosis could be more dangerously misleading. It is true that the strikes lacked either effective leadership or central direction; and when the Communists tried to take over and give the strikers a clear political aim, their failure was speedy and spectacular. But the fact that millions of non-Communist workers in the lower grades of the public services could spontaneously resort to direct action shows the depth of feeling that inspired them. Both the white-collar and the industrial workers have defiantly proclaimed that they will not accept as a cure for France's economic maladies yet another attack on their meagre living standards; and by now M. Laniel must know that, when the Assembly resumes in October, he will not be able to disregard this warning. The strikes may have petered out but the crisis is more acute than ever.

The root cause of that crisis is clear enough. The French budget is fantastically unbalanced; and, since the tax-dodging habits of the French bourgeoisie make it impossible to bridge the gap between revenue and expenditure by the normal method, an economy campaign is inevitable. M. Laniel tried to economise at the expense of Government workers. If this is politically impossible the only alternative is to cut defence expenditure and end the appalling expense of the war in Indo-China.

This indeed was the proposal of M. Mendes-France when he made his bold bid for the Premiership last June. He was immediately dubbed a neutralist by the pundits of Washington and London. But on that occasion he only failed by five votes to obtain the absolute majority required; and it is now clear that the support he enjoyed in the country was far greater than the voting suggests.

The chance of these drastic remedies being accepted is now much improved. In the first place, the constitutional amendment has been passed which removes the requirement that a new Premier should obtain an absolute majority: all that he in future needs is a majority of the votes cast. Moreover, the extreme Right-wing, led by M. Reynaud, has also come to the conclusion that military retrenchment is necessary. Since France has been forced to promise autonomy to Viet-Nam, old-fashioned militarists no longer see point in wasting men and money on its defence. Just as in this country, over the summer, the Boothbyites and the Bevanites converged from very different starting-points on much the same conclusions, so in France M. Reynaud and M. Mendes-France are now moving together against the politicians of the Centre. Whether they succeed depends in the last resort on decisions to be taken not in Paris but in Washington. Ever since Mr. Acheson, by his ill-fated ultimatum in September 1950, compelled Mr. Bevin and Mr. Schumann to accept German rearmament, the French Government has been strait-jacketed in unpopular American policies. In return for a supply of dollars insufficient to solve their economic problems, successive weak Cabinets have agreed to undertake an arms programme far greater than the country can afford and to continue a hopeless war in Indo-China.

Within a few weeks Mr. Dulles may well be faced with a new French Cabinet pledged to solve the crisis by flouting his clear directive. What will his attitude be? Will he seek to bludgeon it into submission by threatening a cessation of dollar aid? Or will he agree to end a war which has been stultifying France's economic recovery and poisoning her political life? Will he grant to the French economy relief from the pressure of armaments? Or will he demand that it should continue to bear the load until it cracks under the strain? The recent strikes were not a Communist plot but a symptom of profound disillusion with politicians. There is a danger of this leading to a revolutionary crisis, which nobody has consciously sought. In present circumstances it might even lead to an attempted neo-Gaullist *coup d'état*. The responsibility for such a crisis will rest on Mr. Dulles if he insists on jeopardising French democracy for the sake of the anti-Communist crusade in Asia.

German Elections

The few British newspapers which bothered to cover the West German elections have all given their uncritical support to Dr. Adenauer and portrayed him as a paragon of political virtue conducting a high-minded campaign for European unity. On another page Mr. Crossman presents the campaign in a somewhat different light. In fact, the Chancellor's party has fought a dirty battle on behalf of the business interests which have prospered under Dr. Ehrhardt's free economy and which rightly fear that a Socialist victory would somewhat reduce their rapacious rate of profit. A series of "Zinoviev letters" culminated last Wednesday in the revelation of a Red Plot for whose existence there seems little evidence. If as the result of such methods Dr. Adenauer substantially increases the percentage of the poll obtained by the C.D.U. the result will be that his coalition will move even further to the Right in its economic policy and intrigue and even more self-confidently in Washington to prevent Four-Power talks with Russia. In the circumstances the best result which can be hoped for is an increase of the Socialist vote sufficient to compel the creation of a "Great Coalition" between the C.D.U. and the S.P.D. Under such a coalition, ratification of the E.D.C. might well be rescinded and the way might well be left open for negotiations with Russia *before* any firm decision on German rearmament is reached.

Friction Over Trieste

Any Italian politician can drum up nationalist support by denouncing imaginary Yugoslav threats to Trieste, and Premier Pella has done what he can to make capital for his unimpressive Government by what appears to be a wholly unnecessary display of force. He has cancelled leave, and moved troops and warships to the Trieste area, as if Italy was threatened with a border war in the classic nineteenth-century style. These manœuvres, which the Italian Note to Belgrade describes as "protective and precautionary," have certainly added to the tension in the frontier area, and seem to have been designed for this purpose. The Italians have not produced any evidence that the Yugoslavs intend to annex Zone B. The only "aggressive" items they offer are that Marshal Tito is to address a large partisan celebration in the frontier district, that Yugoslav army manœuvres are shortly to take place in the Ljubljana Gap, and that eleven Yugoslav economic laws have been extended to Zone B, which has been administered by Belgrade throughout the occupation. The Yugoslavs reply to this last point is that other Yugoslav laws had been systematically extended to the Zone since the London Conference of April, 1952, when the Italians were given permission to participate in the administration of Zone A.

The phrase in Yugoslav propaganda on which Rome seized was a statement by the Tanjug agency on Friday that Yugoslavia was reviewing its position on the future of Trieste in view of Italy's "cold annexation" of the city. This scarcely implies that Belgrade was planning any formal seizure of its Zone—there seems to be no political or economic advantage in such a move—but it does show that the Yugoslavs have been upset by the "unhelpful" attitude which Signor Pella has shown over Trieste since he took office, and that they wished to show that they were not going to let him score domestic successes at their expense.

Electricians Strike

The electricians have won their strike at the Radio Show, where the exhibitors faced a crisis unless they gave way, though, as we write, the "guerilla" strikes continue against the employers in the industry as a whole. The Electrical Trades Union resumed the campaign, after a one-day truce and fruitless talks, because the Federated Electrical Contractors, contrary to expectations, were not prepared to make any offer of a wage advance until they had consulted their constituent branches. The E.T.U. claimed that the national employers' representatives ought to have been empowered to negotiate and not merely to agree to arbitration if the Union asked for it, and added that arbitration was no longer acceptable because it would mean yet more delay in dealing with a claim that has already been under debate since March. The Union leaders said they had not found it easy to get their men to resume work and unless they called them out again in view of the deadlock, there would be a number of uncontrollable unofficial strikes. This is probably true; for the long delay and the employers' refusal to make any offer has caused a good deal of exasperation. The time taken by the elaborate bargaining procedure which now exists in most industries is much too long, and can be easily strung out where employers are putting up a delaying action. The E.T.U., in calling out only groups of key workers on particular jobs, is reverting to a tactic that used to be much commoner than it has been in recent years, and one for which electricians are well placed to make effective use.

PARIS

After Morocco, Tunis?

Our Paris Correspondent writes: The *Canard Enchaîné* this week carried a cartoon showing M. Bidault sitting down in a café and ordering a *croissant*. In case the uninitiated don't think it frightfully funny, it should be explained that M. Bidault, who likes to coin historic *mots*, is recently said to have remarked, in discussing North Africa, that *he* wasn't going to stand for the defeat of the Cross by the Crescent! Not even, presumably, if the Cross was to be represented by the Glaoui—and by the Banque de Paris et des Pays Bas.

Joking apart, it has become increasingly obvious that the present French Government has given way completely to the French colonialists in North Africa. That is to say that M. Laniel and M. Bidault have fully endorsed the long-premeditated *coup* against the Sultan, and that the "liberal" group in the Cabinet, led by M. Edgar Faure and notably by M. Mitterrand, has surrendered. It is worth remembering (though perhaps he himself has forgotten it) that M. Mitterrand published as recently as two months ago an important book in which he denounced as shortsighted, if not suicidal, the policy of repression practised in North Africa, especially in the last two years. Now M. Mitterrand explains his non-resignation by hoping that "now, maybe, under the new Sultan . . ." Which, of course, makes mighty little sense.

What it really boils down to is that the victory of the grand coalition of Big Business, Settlers and Feudal Lords is complete in Morocco—at least for some years to come. The obscurantist South now calls the tune; the Istiqlal and even the milder brands of nationalists are outlawed; and if any trade unionism is to be allowed in Morocco, it will be of the meekest "corporatist" kind—the sort of thing permitted under Vichy.

There is no doubt that Big Business and its representatives on the spot like the almighty M. Boniface, the Prefect of Casablanca, had got alarmed at the liberal uproar in France over their handling of the Casablanca riots and their plotting against the Sultan. And what finally convinced them that the time had come to act was the Uno deal made by the French Government with the United States.

L'appétit vient en mangeant. Having subdued Morocco, the colonialists are now obviously planning to repeat their *coup* in Tunis. Their *Comité France-Afrique du Nord* issued on Friday a communiqué which after denouncing the "intolerable terrorism" exercised by the nationalists against "the friends of France" goes on to say that "all the persons exercising an evil influence on the Bey should be removed. As long as their presence is tolerated at the Palace, things can only go from bad to worse." By a curious coincidence a semi-official statement was made the same day to the Agence France-Presse on very much the same lines.

Tunisia will no doubt be a harder nut to crack than Morocco. The Neo-Destour is politically more mature and more widely organised than the Istiqlal; even so, it looks as though, encouraged by their victory in Morocco, and meeting no longer with any effective opposition from abroad, the French extremists both in Paris and North Africa might well try to follow it up with another victory in Tunis. No doubt the men responsible for the present policy realise that *in the long run* it can lead to no good ("sooner or later," Prince Moulay Hassan of Morocco told me at Rabat in May, "they'll be swamped by the ever-growing Moslem population")—unless, of course, they resort to even more "heroic" measures; but meantime business will flourish. Especially if a few "paternalist" reforms and maybe a few "gestures of goodwill" (pension off Boniface and recall Hauteclocque) are decided upon.

Needless to say, the liberal intellectuals in France are finding it all both crazy and abominable. But the *colons* and *fonctionnaires* are now snapping their fingers at them. Who is Mauriac to stand up to Marshal Juin, their Patron Saint? And French public opinion? Here all sorts of complexes have been playing into the hands of the colonialists. The "greatness of France" in North Africa has, to many acted as a sort of compensation for the "national humiliation" of 1939-45. "Unworthy of France?" This argument does not cut much ice either—except on the Left. For the British needn't talk: They've got Malaya and Kenya on their hands. And the Americans are chums of Syngman Rhee . . . But the argument which has perhaps convinced many Frenchmen that it's no use being quixotic and idealistic about Morocco is the whispered suggestion that the ex-Sultan was, after all, an "American stooge" ("remember his talks with Roosevelt?") and that what has now happened is, above all, calculated to "consolidate France's position in North Africa and keep the Yanks out." A dishonest argument, but a singularly effective one. And the final dig in the French press are the stories of the Sultan's 75 concubines who have now been left on the hands of the unfortunate French authorities at Rabat.

NEW YORK

Isolation on First Avenue

A Correspondent at the U.N. writes: At this session the United States moved yet another step away from its old policies, its old friends, and the United Nations. Perhaps nothing has been as indicative of this as the vote on India, generally regarded as a test of American popularity and influence. Despite the most intensive lobbying by the American delegation, India won more votes than the United States. It was also at this session, which saw Andrei Vyshinsky equipped with a brand-new smile and the tones of a reproachful uncle, that the Soviet Union made some of its most significant gains in U.N. history. Russia at this session commanded more than her customary phalanx of the Ukraine, White Russia, Poland and Czechoslovakia.

The session also saw a strengthening of the "third force." Neutral blocs, of course, have been seen here before. One, for instance, appeared late in 1950, when the Arab-Asian bloc was formed, and when some of the Western nations were frightened into the neutral corner by the antics of the American "Bomb-China-Now" boys. On such issues as the Italian colonies, the "third force" had, in fact, been able to impose a compromise on the Big Three. But it was at this present session that the neutral bloc, reinforced by recruits from the colder areas of Europe, had taken a vigorous and independent stand. It may have lost its battle over India. But it has learned to use its muscles, and one could now expect of it a show of still greater independence at the eighth session, when bigger issues will be at stake.

They cannot be postponed much longer, for they are too big and too pressing to be ignored. Of all these issues, Red China's position is the most important. But it is not the only one. The political map of the world is likely to be re-drawn in the next six months or a year, and whatever happens will have an impact on the United Nations. Will Western Europe, for instance, go Left or Right this autumn, and how will this affect Nato, the "cold war," and the American policy for Europe? What will be the effect of the new policies now being shaped in Moscow and Washington? Will Germany be re-united and re-armed, and what policy will it follow? Sooner or later, all these issues will come before the United Nations, as will the question of Red China. If this happens, will the United States walk out, as Senator Knowland has been urging so fervently?

Not surprisingly, nothing has impressed the reporters covering this session so strongly as the growing sense of American isolation. The process, of course, began long ago, and the United States was not solely to blame for it. For just as the Korean war first tended to unite the non-Communist world, so did it serve later to split it. Unhappily, the United Nations found itself enmeshed in American domestic wrangles, and the Truman-MacArthur debate, for instance, had become an integral part of U.N. history. Out of this came a great uneasiness. For a couple of days last week, I tried to keep a list of the questions asked by members of the various delegations. As I look through them now, I find reflected in them the feeling that the American course is both puzzling and unwise, and that it is alienating America's best friends. With both President Eisenhower and Secretary Dulles away on a vacation for a part of the session, it seemed here as if Mr. Lodge was moulding the American foreign policy. Was it he then who was to blame for its blunders, its tactlessness, its lack of elasticity? The rift among the Western Big Three seemed even worse than it really was because of the failure to advise France and Britain in advance of the course Mr. Lodge proposed to follow at the Assembly. Who was responsible for the decision to back France against Arab nationalism? And why did Under-Secretary Robert Murphy go on a television programme to expound and defend the French position at the precise moment when the Moroccan issue was being debated by the Security Council?

This sense of drifting apart casts a black shadow over this magnificent skyscraper on First Avenue. For America's isolation is an ailment than can be fatal to the United Nations. There was a time, I am told, when the United Nations, if it needed a ton of steel, simply telephoned Washington. Today, under Lodge, there is an insistence on "going through the channels," which means Lodge, and many suspect that his affection for the United Nations is tempered by the domestic political climate.

With crucial sessions ahead at the United Nations, the Congress has chosen this moment to slash the appropriations for Lodge's Mission. Thus, I am told, something like one employee in five on the Mission has been dismissed, at a time when the Mission needs all the help it can get. Watching the Congressional axe, U.N. officials get a feeling of chill. There are other signs of a growing American disinterest. The American contribution to the United Nations' Korean Reconstruction Agency has been cut by Congress from seventy million dollars to fifty. At the same time, an independent American agency has been set up to spend something like a billion dollars in five years. Why was relief from war, fought in U.N. cause, not put under U.N. administration?

No recital of U.N. worries is complete without a word about the virulent campaign now being waged against it in this country. The slogan of the new, well-financed drive is "Get the U.S.A. out of the U.N., and the U.N. out of the U.S.A." Some of the U.N. officials I have talked to make no secret of their concern over this campaign, which seems to dovetail so neatly into the broader structure of American isolation. And more than one official, surveying this fabulously expensive piece of international real estate on First Avenue, is beginning to wonder if the United Nations had not made a terrible blunder picking this site for its permanent home. From First Avenue, Geneva looks so calm and neutral!

The 16 nations have agreed on their choice for the time and place of the political conference on Korea. Of course, no one yet knows whether the Communists, who have not been consulted about the composition of the Political Conference, will prove ready to fall in with any of the U.N. proposals. They may make counter-proposals for the whole Conference on the lines preferred by Russia. That they want a Conference, however, seems fairly clear; some, if not all, of the recent purges in North Korea were apparently the result of an anxiety to end the war. We have the statement of Marshal Kim Il Sung that some Communist party cadres had been mistakingly taking the line "that war will be resumed at once or that peace will not be secured." This, he said, was "incorrect"—a remarkable profession of optimism in view of Syngman Rhee's reiterated threats to invade the North in the name of unification unless the North Koreans accept his supremacy over the whole country. The chances of a settlement would certainly be improved by a purge in South Korea. The militancy of Rhee is an unmistakable deviation from the U.N. line.

Making the Most of Margate

THE agenda for the Labour Party Conference is as crowded as Margate beach on a sunny Bank Holiday. There are always complaints, such as those now made by the Stretford and Brightside parties, that Conference has too little time to get through its business. This year, with constitutional amendments and *Challenge to Britain* to be discussed in addition to the usual flood of resolutions, the Conference Arrangements Committee will have its work cut out to fit even the most essential debates into the five days at its disposal. No one could hope to dispose of one hundred pages of resolutions in this short time without the most drastic pruning.

One day is bound to be occupied by formalities, by speeches from local dignitaries and fraternal delegates, and by discussion on the Executive's Report. Another will be consumed by the constitutional amendments—which now appear on the agenda at three-year intervals—and by the private session, at which delegates discuss the *Daily Herald*, party finance, and, this year, the proposal to televise future conferences. Three days are left for dealing with policy, and one of these six sessions must be devoted to a debate on foreign and colonial affairs.

Delegates, therefore, are likely to have five sessions or their equivalent in which to debate the forty-six detailed amendments to *Challenge to Britain*. This is an experiment in democracy, for never before has Conference been given the task of direct revision, comparable to the Committee Stage of a Bill passing through the House of Commons. No one yet knows how well this experiment will work, though there are some obvious difficulties. It is fairly easy, for instance, to group normal resolutions on such topics as rearmament, East-West trade, and even nationalisation, for they have enough in common for a well-drafted composite resolution to express the "sense of the meeting." Can the same be said of detailed amendments to a policy document? Will not the hazard of voting produce strange contradictions, whereby a point of substance may be defeated under one heading and, in a different form, be inserted in another?

Any delegate who wishes to make the most of Margate, must realise that an attempt to revise *Challenge to Britain* sentence by sentence will doom the Conference to chaos and will produce a confused policy statement. This statement, anyway, will have to be redrafted to square it with Conference decisions, and to make it a coherent directive to the Executive and the leadership of the Parliamentary Party when they jointly write the election manifesto. There is thus little point in the Conference quibbling over details. If it is to make the radical impact on the Executive that, to judge from the resolutions, the majority of the constituency parties wish to make, their delegates who sit on the grouping committees before Conference begins must concentrate on such key issues as land nationalisation, the future of the chemical industry, education policy, the burden of Defence and the term of National Service.

Electioneering in Western Germany

"We expected a dirty campaign. But this deluge of lies and forgeries—all personally endorsed by that man of God, Konrad Adenauer, —is more than we bargained for. Let's hope the stunts boomerang, as Churchill's did in 1945."

It was Fritz Heine, the Morgan Phillips of the S.P.D., who said this to me in the Party Headquarters in Bonn when I went in to see him after five days of electioneering. Two of them I had spent on tour with von Knoeringen, the Bavarian Socialist leader; one in a coal-mining area, one in a Bonn constituency, and one in a working-class suburb across the bridge from Cologne. Since I didn't touch the Ruhr or enter Prussia, I can't claim to have taken a true sample of the West German electorate. But from the twelve meetings I attended, sometimes as a speaker on the platform and sometimes with my jug of beer on the table in front of me, I got an idea of what it feels like to be campaigning as a Socialist in Southern Germany.

Heine was not exaggerating. After a very sleepy start in a sizzling patch of summer weather, the campaign has developed into an effort by Dr. Adenauer to smear and smash the Socialist opposition. Though some of the smaller parties of the Right and extreme Right (particularly the *Gesamtdeutsche Block* which represents pro-Nazi refugees) may gain some votes, the real battle is being waged between the two great parties, the C.D.U. and the S.P.D. At first sight, the struggle is appallingly unequal. Almost the whole of the press is bitterly anti-Socialist and so, of course, is the Hierarchy. Last Sunday I went to church in a small town north of Regensburg. No inhibitions here! The priest made it crystal clear that a vote for Ollenhauer is a vote against Christianity. And, if this spiritual advice is not sufficient, there is the temporal power of the U.S.A. to reinforce it. Mr. Eisenhower has officially announced that America expects every German to do his duty by voting for Adenauer and the E.D.C. Finally, the Chancellor enjoys the financial support of industry. There is no limitation of any kind on election expenses and no need to publish accounts; business men have contributed millions of marks to the C.D.U.

What weapons have the S.P.D. for fighting such formidable adversaries? Finance is very tight. With the Co-ops neutral and the trade unions forbidden by law to take part in politics, Ollenhauer can rely on neither for contributions. The S.P.D. is entirely financed by the subscriptions of individual members. These are levied according to income. Unemployed and old age pensioners pay only 20 pfennig, those who have wages of up to 200 marks pay one mark a month, and the scale rises until the subscription of a man who earns 1,000 marks or over is 30 marks. Labour Members of Parliament will be interested to learn that members of the *Bund* and *Land* parliaments are compelled to subscribe heavily from their modest salaries. A member of the Bavarian *Land* Parliament, for instance—who receives about 900 marks a month in salary—subscribes 75 marks a month to the district organisation, 55 to the parliamentary faction, 40 to his constituency, as well as making his 30-mark Party contribution. But, since subscriptions must be mainly used to maintain the Party apparatus, the election campaign is being chiefly financed by selling millions of sets of stamps in memory of Kurt Schumacher.

Fortunately, the bare essentials of electioneering are less costly in Germany than in England. With fresh memories of Nazi inquisitions, no German will tolerate any form of canvass and the paid "agent" in our sense of the word is unknown. Meeting halls are only hired for really big occasions; and the normal political meetings usually take place in pubs, which welcome the extra sale of beer. This means that proportionately much more can be spent on leaflets, posters and films. At one small Socialist meeting I attended, I saw two well-produced films and received no fewer than seven separate pieces of printed propaganda. But, although electioneering is somewhat cheaper in Germany, the C.D.U. is spending far more per constituency than the Conservatives are permitted here, whereas the S.P.D. can afford only about a quarter of what the average Labour candidate spent in 1951.

Moreover, when the campaign started, the political climate could hardly have been more unfavourable. I had fondly imagined that the East Berlin rising had helped the S.P.D. by arousing support for the aim of a negotiated German unification, which Kurt Schumacher had made his own since 1945. But everyone with whom I talked agreed that it had only caused a ripple on the surface of West German egotism. The bourgeois and petit-bourgeois elements—shopkeepers, salesmen, small business men, professors and teachers—who supported Hitlerism in the past and who will in due course support a new Nationalist Revolution, are doing well enough in the boom to vote for German free enterprise; and any mention of socialisation or controls is countered by the question, "Do you want our Federal Republic to look like the Eastern Zone?" By playing on the knowledge, confirmed by tens of thousands of eye-witnesses, of what is going on under the Russians, Dr. Adenauer is able to present the issue at this election in a very simple form. "Here, a miraculous revival under a free economy; there, semi-starvation under a slave economy. Which do you vote for?"

At first I felt that the Socialists stood no chance against this alliance of high-powered propaganda, unlimited money, Catholic pressure and American support. But the more I saw of the Socialist campaign, the less pessimistic I grew. To begin with, the Party has been rebuilt from the bottom with remarkable zeal. Along the Czech frontier I visited town after town run by a Socialist Burgomaster, elected by a direct majority vote, and heard what he had been trying to do to grapple with the social effects of Dr. Ehrhardt's ruthless free enterprise. At this level, German Socialism is just as healthy as our own, and very like it. You meet the same kind of human decency, the same genuine desire to achieve fair shares, the same unswerving loyalty to the Party. The election speeches are also curiously similar. There is the same argument that social justice is the only effective bulwark against Communism, the same demand for Christianity put into practice as Fair Shares and not merely kept for Sunday, the same denunciation of anti-Communist crusading and military containment. Though, as I have remarked, support for unification seems to be tepid, dislike for Dr. Adenauer's pro-American policy is growing. Germans are no fools about military matters and it is not difficult to persuade them that the only function of Germany's twelve divisions would be to fight a rearguard action across Western Germany and not to defend it.

But a good half of each speech I heard was devoted to exposing the social injustice of Dr. Ehrhardt's free enterprise. In order to stimulate recovery, fantastic tax remissions have been granted to business, and tax evasion on a gigantic scale tacitly permitted. To make up for this, the major part of the budget has to be raised by indirect taxation, which makes the price of essential foodstuffs grievously high. Despite the contrast which every German newspaper draws between rationed Britain and German abundance, statistics show that our consumption per head of meat and sugar is still far higher than that in the *Bundesrepublik*. (Incidentally, we are also drinking three times as much beer as the Germans!) To make matters worse, Dr. Ehrhardt during the campaign has promised the business community that the rearmament programme will not be financed by any increase of direct taxation; so the consumer will have to foot the bill. Such facts make a powerful impression on working-class audiences.

Of course, the condition of the German worker is far better than that of workers in many parts of Western Europe, especially in Italy. But there is something peculiarly ugly and morally revolting about the indifference of this *nouveau-riche* German capitalism to the plight of the ten million forgotten men and women living at or below the destitution level in the Federal Republic. As one Socialist put it to me, "One-fifth of the nation are literally too poor to go out on the street, while a tiny minority flaunt their wealth." The Socialists, who are confident that they will do well among the young voters, should also win new support among pensioners and those of the destitute refugees who have not moved to the extreme Right. But the crucial question is which way the worker with a job will vote. Inevitably, many of them are impressed by the economic improvement which has taken place since currency reform. Eager to pay their instalments on a home and the furnishings for it, and scared by the fear of dismissal, they are willing to work unlimited overtime; and "work black" in their spare time.

There is a limit to German endurance of social injustice. After ten days, Dr. Adenauer apparently realised that the Socialist attacks on the "German miracle" (the slogan coined to describe recovery under Dr. Ehrhardt), and on his own sucess in sabotaging talks with Russia, were winning a dangerous amount of support. He decided, therefore, to warm up the campaign. His first counter-attack was on the trade unions. Seizing on a phrase in the Confederation's manifesto which called for "a better *Bundestag*," he accused the trade union leaders of campaigning for the Socialists. He followed this up by the publication of documents, which I am told are clumsy forgeries, purporting to show that the S.P.D. has obtained illegal subscriptions not only from the trade unions but from Eastern Germany as well. Just how far Dr. Adenauer is prepared to go in this type of electioneering is shown by the fact that one of the two Socialists accused of accepting East German assistance is the candidate who is fighting Max Reimann, the Communist leader at Solingen. The Chancellor's accusation can only assist Reimann, the one Communist candidate who has any chance of victory.

Indeed, the most remarkable thing about this campaign has been the hatred which he has deliberately whipped up against the Socialists. The real fault of the S.P.D.—now that it has jettisoned its theoretical Marxism and retains only the ethical values of Socialism—is the kind of gulf between the realistic politicians in Parliament and the idealists of the rank-and-file, which we know so well over here. The rank-and-file want a much more decisive and independent programme than Ollenhauer is ever likely to give them. Dr. Adenauer knows perfectly well that the modest aim of the S.P.D. in this election is to increase its proportion of the total vote from 29 per cent. to, say, 32 per cent., and so create the basis for entering a Great Coalition with the C.D.U. In this way Ollenhauer hopes to compel the re-negotiation of the treaties with the West

on rather more favourable terms; to impose some mild restraints on Ehrhardt's free enterprise; and to check the dangerous authoritarian tendencies which have been emerging in the last months of the Adenauer regime. No opposition programme could be more moderate—or more "responsible." Yet up and down the country the Socialists are being smeared as a godless crew of crypto-Bolsheviks, ready to unbolt the door and let the Russians into Western Germany. They must be smashed, the elector is told, along with anybody else who refuses to follow "our Konrad."

With Kurt Schumacher dead, there is only one personality in this election—and Germans still feel the need of a Leader. The question to which Sunday's vote will give the answer is whether the Socialist demand for social justice and peaceful negotiations with Russia will avail against the Chancellor's imperious summons to discipline and obedience.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

Science for Fun

WITH no disrespect to Sir Edward Appleton, his Presidential address to the British Association, at Liverpool, recalls the story of the stage-magician who was entertaining passengers aboard ship. "And now," he said, pushing back his cuffs, "I am going to show you a trick which has never been done before. . . ." Just then a torpedo struck and, as the conjuror came to the surface, he grabbed a spar on which was perched the ship's parrot. "That," said the bedraggled and aggrieved bird "was a damned silly trick!"

In the year of the hydrogen bomb and on top of the latest guided missiles, the B.A. President chose as his theme "Science for Its Own Sake," and followed it with an address to junior members of the Association on "Finding Things Out with Radio and Rockets." Both were persuasive arguments for getting fun out of research, happy briefs for the scientist "who is impelled solely by a passionate desire to explore and to understand." But what about Poor Poll who does not quite grasp the fact that the atom bomb has nothing to do with the radio-astronomer whose trick is the innocent one of picking up wireless signals from the Crab Nebula?

The ordinary chap today is like the ship's parrot; he believes that the scientist is capable of anything. In his mistrust, he may be unfair; he thinks of the destructive powers of science and forgets that penicillin, and its like, have saved more lives than scientific weapons have destroyed. He takes its benefits for granted but complains about the mischief.

Sir Edward Appleton did his best to correct this illusion. He could speak with great authority. He is an exceptional kind of scientist. It was he who discovered the "F" or "Appleton Layer" in the ionosphere, 100 miles above the earth. That discovery not only made short-wave broadcasting and long-range telecommunications possible—the techniques which he employed in his academic researches contributed to the development of radar. For such work he was awarded the Nobel Prize. But he left "pure" science for "applied" when he became Secretary of the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research, finding the workaday answers for industry and, incidentally, having under his wing "Tube Alloys," which was the pseudonym for Britain's atomic-bomb researches. After the war, he returned to academic life as the Principal of Edinburgh University.

In making his case for pure research, therefore, he was not decrying applied research for which, in terms of "productivity" he had made such strong pleas as a Government servant. He was trying, rather, to redress the balance. More and more emphasis is being laid on applied science, which produces results, as per invoice. Britain is continually being reproached—and rightly—for its backwardness in technology, which transmutes laboratory findings into industrial processes. Industry is continually being lectured—and rightly—for failing to make use of the materials, processes and methods of thought which science produces. But all that is futile without pure research, that uninhibited, undirected curiosity about the processes of nature, scientific "free-lancing" in which the British record is so remarkable. It has no utilitarian purpose, although many discoveries of pure science, which have no practical import, prove to be the foundations of important advances in our material civilisation. Examples include Faraday's electro-magnet, basis of modern electrical generation; Clerk Maxwell's electro-magnetic waves, basis of radio; J. J. Thomson's electrons, which seven years later were embodied in the thermionic valve, basis of broadcasting, television, the talkies—and the electronic "brains" of guided missiles; Mendel's peas, the basis of plant-genetics and, of course, Rutherford's work on the atom.

Sir Edward Appleton went further than this "profit-and-loss" account—to science for its own sake—"when knowledge and insight are sufficient reward in themselves." This is the poetry of science which "in revealing depths and mysteries beyond has given back to the universe that quality of inexhaustible richness and unexpectedness, and which at one time classical physics seemed to have taken away from it." He chose cosmical research which, in terms of radio-astronomy, has given us not only a new science, but a new *laissez-passer* to the frontiers of the universe.

The war, which produced radar and blind-bombing using receivers operating on ultra-short wave-lengths, left a legacy of sensitive equipment. Dr. J. S. Hey and his colleagues converted a radar device from an anti-aircraft battery into a radio-telescope and confirmed Jansky's suggestion about radio-transmissions from the Milky Way. There were other sources too. Hey detected one in the constellation Cygnus, which was checked by workers at Cambridge and in Australia and, significantly, did not coincide with any visible star. An even more powerful source was found in the constellation Cassiopeia. J. G. Bolton in Sydney picked out a "transmitter" in the Crab Nebula—signalling the explosion of a star which was witnessed by the Chinese on July 4, 1054. A similar explosion probably accounted for the source in Cassiopeia. The Cygnus source was recounting an even more spectacular cosmic event—the collision of two nebulæ, like our own Milky Way but far outside it.

So the radio-astronomers are pushing out to the limit of the expanding universe. So far the most powerful optical telescopes have only reached half-way, but, Sir Edward suggested, radio-telescopes may reach much farther. To explore and map the heavens, Britain is building a great radio-telescope at Jodrell Bank, the Manchester University radio-observatory, which began as a clutter of caravans and discarded service equipment. There A. C. B. Lovell (now the world's first professor of radio-astronomy) and his colleagues, working with that "passionate desire to explore and to understand" which the President demands, adventured in Space, with improvised instruments. The new telescope will be 250 feet in diameter, like a huge bowl-fire, turning and leaning towards any point of the Northern heavens. Incidentally, this laboratory instrument will cost over £400,000 contributed in part by the tax-payer, through Government grant, and in part by the Nuffield Foundation.

Here comes the rub—and the inevitable comment on Sir Edward's address. Having fun in science costs big money. The "string-and-sealing-wax" days of research—certainly in physics—are over. There was a time in J. J. Thomson's day when the Cavendish Laboratory (the President's own nursery) could provide research facilities for forty students on £500 a year. Today a synchrotron, for the study of nuclear particles, costs as much as a warship. And, while the radio-astronomers at Jodrell and elsewhere might at the outset improvise with surplus (but still expensive) equipment, the time comes when to satisfy their curiosity about outer space they need 1,500 tons of steel in the shape of a parabaloid telescope.

The day of the private adventurer in science is over. So are the days of the wealthy patron. Even the sources of the private trusts are limited in terms of the amounts now involved. And even the older and wealthier universities cannot meet the demands of their science faculties. The money has to come, in the main, from the taxpayer. The safeguards to prevent political interference or official direction of academic research exist and must be maintained. But it is one thing to be told how you must spend the money and another having the money to spend.

That Sir Edward must know only too well from his past battles with the Treasury. The Department which he once directed has had its activities drastically curtailed—although it is bread-and-butter science, which can even be measured in dividends. But Science for Itself—pure science—offers no balance sheet, can promise no returns and demands a blank cheque. The public will go on signing that blank cheque only if it is persuaded that Science for Itself is a good thing.

So it behoves the scientist who wants the fun of finding out to cultivate his patron—the man in the street—by making science intelligible to him, by allaying his misgivings and, as Sir Edward Appleton suggested, walking humbly.

RITCHIE CALDER

London Diary

IN an understandable attempt to remove "misgivings expressed by serious and thoughtful people," the Postmaster-General has now explained that the Government White Paper will not propose sponsored television on the American model. In the United States the advertisers dictate the programme. Nothing of that sort will happen in decorous England. Oh no! Independent broadcasting companies, like newspapers, will merely accept advertisements for insertion between the musical, dramatic, and educative programmes they have designed to elevate the morals and refine the taste of the British public. Newspapers are independent of their advertisers; why not broadcasting companies? I can almost hear the chuckles coming from the offices of the big advertising agencies. I am sure that Lord De La Warr is honestly unconscious of the gross fallacies in his argument. Let me enumerate some. First, it is totally untrue that newspaper policy is not affected by advertising. On the contrary, the pressure of the advertising manager is constant and powerful in every newspaper office. (The public is genuinely confused about this; because press barons are not open to bullying of particular advertisers, it is innocently believed that advertisers do not affect the tone, contents, and politics of newspapers.) Secondly, the advertisers' pressure on TV would be far greater than

it is on newspapers, because part of the income of a newspaper comes from sales; in the case of privately-owned broadcasting the whole finance will come from advertisements. For this reason, the analogy between press and television completely breaks down. Thirdly, sponsored television in the United States earns big dividends because advertisers can dictate their own programmes, select their own commentators, invent their own features. If they were only offered "spots" between, say, a talk on Irish seal-fishing and a Hugo Wolf song-cycle, they would not avail themselves of the opportunity, or if they did they would pay little for it, since the number of listeners would be comparatively small. Therefore, the broadcasting company would be forced in practice to satisfy the advertisers by the minimum of "educative" or "minority" programmes, and the maximum of variety and knockabout.

* * *

Television is also likely to be the most interesting topic on the agenda of the Labour Party Conference. The B.B.C. offered to televise the whole Conference from Monday to Friday. The Party Executive referred the proposal to the Conference, which will consider it in private. It will make a momentous decision. The effect of television on Democratic and Republican Conventions in Chicago last year was very great; Senator Kefauver, for instance, was suddenly built up into a serious Presidential possibility. The public, too, was undoubtedly influenced by the general impression made by the parties during their Conventions; in the future, the whole style, organisation, and tone of the Conventions will certainly be modified in view of last year's experience. After all, incidents which are of no political importance when not known to the outside public, or only briefly reported, may be decisive when the whole population is, in effect, present at the discussions. I can think of slanging bouts and other incidents in past Labour Conferences which would have had far-reaching effects if the general public had witnessed them. I recall many occasions on which the platform used devices to trick or steam-roller the rank-and-file that it would certainly not have liked the ordinary voter to observe. I can imagine many politicians stopping to consider whether a particular way of throwing their weight about will look well on two million screens.

* * *

The Nigerians, whose Conference is just over, spoke highly of Mr. Lyttelton as Chairman. What accounted, I asked, for his difference in attitude to racial questions in East and West Africa? The answer given me was that he came to West Africa with an open, indeed a wide-open, mind, and therefore was as receptive to good advice as he has been impervious to it in East Africa. There is a serious exception to Nigerian agreement about the proposed new Constitution. Mr. Awolowo and his colleagues from the Western region declare in their minority report that they "respectfully refuse to accept the decision about the future of Lagos," which, when the Conference disagreed about it, was left to the personal decision of the Colonial Secretary. His ruling was that Lagos should be purely federal, and no longer part of the Western region. I gather from conversation with Mr. Awolowo that there will be much opposition to this plan from the Action Group in West Nigeria, and that a steady fight against it will be maintained in this country. Mr. Awolowo is a most attractive, as well as impressive, African leader; he has an excellent sense of fun, but I suspect that, conscious of his own integrity and resolute in his effort to get good African government in Africa, he is singularly stiff and uncompromising when it comes to an argument.

* * *

No—the Shah was not educated at a British public school, as a correspondent in this journal said last week, but in Switzerland. Indeed, I'm told that he has only been to England once, during the Olympic Games. The mistake was easily made because most Persians think of the Palace as the centre of British intrigue, which they smell everywhere and which, to them, is indistinguishable from the smell of oil. The Court Minister, Mr. Hussein Ala, who has been Prime Minister and who, I was told when I was in Persia the Christmas before last, was likely to be Prime Minister again when Mossadeq fell, is almost a stage Foreign Office type. The Shah himself is not a strong character, but well-meaning enough. He would like, I'm sure, to be a constitutional monarch on the pattern of Scandinavia or Britain herself. Whether the group that has now seized power shares in any way his mildly reformist ideas remains to be seen; they will certainly make the most propaganda use of the one progressive thing that he has been able to do. This was to divide up, for the benefit of impoverished peasants, a large area of land which had been passed on to him from his buccaneer father, the Reza Shah, who had seized it from former landlords. Some Persians pretend that this was the beginning of a genuine agrarian revolution; of that, I am sorry to say, there has so far been no sign at all.

* * *

"Is a sandwich a light meal?" asked a Brighton Magistrate the other day. "Officially, yes," confessed the solicitor who was defending Sherry's Bar, where the catering records had been failing to show that about ten sandwiches a day were being sold to drinkers. But authority for even this apparently obvious assertion seems lacking. There is no precise definition of a meal, even of a light meal. In the thirty years' war that has enlivened the catering trade since the passing of the Licensing Act, 1921, the sandwich has been an agile and provocative guerilla. The Act says that a man who still has drink in his glass when the barman calls "time" may go on sipping it for half an hour longer—if it was supplied with a meal. This has merely added the price of an otiose sandwich to the last-minute drink; and the Magistrates, with no guidance whatever from the High Court, have worked out an empirical equation that makes one glass of wine or beer appropriate to a three-inch equilateral triangle of bread and sausage. There have been places in the West End where, if you called for a drink at closing time, you were directed to an automatic machine from which you could get a shilling sandwich; you presented your sandwich at the bar and got your drink. This led to relays of people using the same sandwich—and at last to prosecution.

What is surprising is that, under the growing influence of "tourism," we have stopped being ashamed of such licensing lunacies. Modern guide-books suggest that we are proud of them, as we are of Beefeaters and other historic survivals. The sausage sandwich is becoming as sacramental as a law student's dinners.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.

Anyone in Derbyshire who finds an old coalmine has been urgently requested to inform the National Coal Board.—*Manchester Guardian.* (J. W. Banks.)

I have always wanted to rescue a child in the path of a runaway horse.—Letter in *Scottish Daily Express.* (I. Etherington.)

"Please don't say they are being sacked," a Ministry of Food official said at Nottingham yesterday. "They are being faded."—*Daily Telegraph.* (M. Brown.)

"I ventured to remark in a broadcast that I thought a little more red meat might help us," said Lord Woolton. "We have got it now. Perhaps it has helped us; at any rate, production is up—and we have won the Ashes."—*The Observer.* (E. Hanford.)

Thoughts in the Wilderness

MANY people who write to me, often in a spirit of ill will, seem to be under the impression that I have moved from the Left to the Right. Yet in the only public pronouncement I made on this subject, in an article I was invited to write for a popular newspaper, I was careful to begin by pointing out that nothing of this kind had occurred. I said then: "I have not swung from official Left to official Right. And the notion that this is the only possible movement seems to me the great fallacy of our time."

There was, of course, a certain article of mine in a notorious special issue of *Colliers.* This produced a fine crop of angry letters, not one of which dealt with the article they attacked me for writing. They should, in fact, have been addressed to the editor. What I was asked to write—and what I wrote—was an imaginary piece of cultural history, in which I tried my hardest to express my sympathy with and admiration for the essential character of the Russian people. (It was actually praised by some persons who knew the subject and took the trouble to read the article.) I expressed no admiration for the Soviet Government because I have none, believing its policy since 1945 (when it immediately opened fire on our Labour Government) to be monstrously ill-advised. But my own contribution to that *Colliers* issue was anything but brash American propaganda.

Nor am I any nearer the Conservative Central Office than I was early in 1951, when abuse from its admirers arrived at my house in sack loads. I am as much out with the Right (and can prove it, too) as I have always been. Only now I am also out with the Left. This leaves me in a political wilderness. For some time I felt sad about this exile, but then I discovered that many other people, if they had no vested interest in politics as they are, were really in the wilderness with me. Even some of the men with the vested interest would, if pressed, admit that there is a wilderness atmosphere just now, with little that appears to be blossoming and fruitful. I noticed the other week that that experienced and enthusiastic political journalist, Mr. A. J. Cummings, had had to confess, on returning from his holiday, that nobody seemed to be talking politics. And is that because people feel that at last our political, economic, social problems are solving themselves? It is not.

Polemics and theory—and I have tried to take fair samples of them—do not seem to me any more exciting and promising than recent political practice. Even when arriving from the further Left, presumably nourished by passionate ambition or hopeful youth, these books and pamphlets have had about them an air of staleness. The old phrases were trotted out and round, like ageing circus ponies. No new creative ideas flashed into sight. Nothing arrived from an unfamiliar direction. Not a glimmer of insight was revealed. The mind received never a jolt. The writers were

not foolish, they were often sensible and clearly aware of our plights; but they seemed to be nearly as bored as we were. Still keeping to the Left side, we can say that nothing could be more wearily different from the thrust of ideas, the eager debates, the electric clashes (State Socialism, Guild Socialism, Syndicalism) of the decade thirty to forty years ago, than this routine yawning parade of opinions, as if everybody were dressed in black coat and striped trousers and dreadfully short of sleep.

The economists, too, give me the impression of men who have toiled too long in fields that are exhausted. I am not capable of deciding between them, but I am fairly certain that not one of them could produce in me enough energy to dig up a basketful of potatoes. They may reasonably retort that it is not their business to give us energy. Nevertheless, in effect they are always telling us we need more, that we must behave better—or else! And the truth is that, however much we may need their advice, we are tired of them. They fail to arouse our enthusiasm, they can no longer even capture our interest, because what they give us we do not want and what we probably want they cannot give us. The soil in which they work is exhausted, infertile; we seem to need a few fields that have been lying fallow.

It seems to me that people in general are aware, if only obscurely, of this central vacuum. Because people spend their evenings watching idiotic parlour games on TV or *Chu Chin Chow* on ice, this does not mean that the last glimmer of intuitive perception has been dowsed, though after a few more years of mass communication on this level the crowd may be permanently half-witted. But now, I think, they are still aware of something missing. And this, I fancy, explains the perfervid atmosphere of the Coronation and the Test Matches, the hopeless overdoing of anything likely to waken the crowd. We are a political people without any real politics. We are moral campaigners without a campaign.

If I say that we seem to have gone as far as we can with our present set of political-economic ideas and machinery, that we need an approach from a new direction, that some creative over-mastering idea should find its way to the hollow centre, some old hands will tell me I am encouraging some pseudo-mystical nonsense that will end up as Fascism. In my own case I think not. Fascism implies the State in all its power and majesty; and, like many people now out in the wilderness, I distrust the State. (Even as a Left propagandist I never advocated State collectivism.) It is one of our grievances against the two big political parties, now playing Box and Cox for us, that they are both State parties, even though one of them pretends not to be. Outside the wilderness it is thought laughable that any party should seriously challenge the State; yet nobody in his senses laughs at what are plainly the results of our subservience to the idea of the State.

There is much to be said for the view that the citizen of any contemporary great Power is the biggest donkey of all time. He is not himself aggressive, and instead of yelling for war, as his forefathers sometimes did, he loathes the very thought of it. Yet he denies himself more and more, sacrifices more and more, to this war-making instrument, the State, which behaves as if it were the creation of some demi-urge who hated our whole species. Of course we do it, because "they" do it. But then "they" do it, because we do it. And if we took power away from the State, which alone makes war, instead of giving it more and more, often at the sacrifice of most of the arts and graces of life, then none of us would do it.

More and more I for one mistrust that bigness before which a man feels helpless and baffled. Once past a sensible size, things get out of hand, acquiring an alien sinister life of their own, apt to prey upon our humanity. Men who work for vast organisations begin to lose sight of their original purpose. Very soon, more and more authority is given to tidy cold-blooded administrative types, and fewer and fewer opportunities are given to untidy hot-blooded creative types. The rebel, if he is not forcibly silenced, is almost muzzled by being denied the huge and expensive channels of communication. (What are your chances of running a national newspaper, a film studio and chain of cinemas, a TV network?) And this bigness, because of its size and complexity, encourages us to forget that our communal life is after all our own creation, that if we do not like the forms it has adopted we can change them.

After all, there is one rough-and-ready test, which among all the fuss and bullying we may not remember. For what matters is what is happening in people's minds, the quality of the experience there; and this is all that matters. The objective-material view will not do at all. If a city is miraculously efficient, crammed with goods, bristling with services, glittering with all the latest ingenuities, but is also filled with people who are worrying themselves sick, or becoming ugly-minded and cruel, or turning into dim robots, then that city is a flop. If the people in the neighbouring country are comparatively poor, have few possessions, no gadgets, no great organisations, but contrive to live zestfully, laugh and love, still enjoy poetry and music and talk, then that country has succeeded. It is, I repeat, a rough-and-ready test, only certain for ourselves; but I feel we cannot start applying it too soon, using it aggressively against the power-maniacs, the society-my-guinea-pig scientists, the inventors-at-any-cost, the sales-and-advertising men, the officials-who-are-more-important-than-we-are.

This attitude of mind will find no more genuine support on the Left than it will on the Right. But before returning to the wilderness—or, as some witty Honourable Member might suggest, to the green room—I will scatter a few queries. For example, friends. Do you feel about the English in general what you did ten years ago—honestly now? What relation to their work have the happiest men you know? Women and children need security but do men, real men? ("He insisted upon security for himself" would be an odd opening of a biography.) Which of your boards and committees delight in original, creative-minded men? How many persons whom you respect prefer minimum hours of work and plenty of passive amusement to the chance of working like blazes making something? Which is winning—mass communication or education? Is our society becoming more flexible or less—and if you think more, have you tried starting anything good lately? Are there more rich, fiery, independent characters about? Are men's deepest needs being increasingly satisfied? And if you reply that they are not *just now*, will you explain how the promised land is to be reached by way of two vicious circles, one of frustration, rage, and violence, the other of apathy, triviality, and exhaustion? Can any sensible plan succeed if there is a cold dying centre? Do we want more and more Left (plus, in the end, more police), more and more Right (more police again), or something that is neither, inspired by fresh thinking?

Yes, I will close the door quietly.

J. B. PRIESTLEY

LIGHT OF ASIA

In the Disunited Nations,
Mr. Lodge,
Did you browbeat delegations,
Mr. Lodge?
Had you made a deal in private
With Korea's Machiavelli?
Did you openly connive at
The exclusion of New Delhi?
Did you hold it not improper
To try the artful dodge?
And have you come a cropper,
Mr. Lodge?

When the Indians had retreated
With good grace,
When India, undefeated,
Quit the race,
Though you lead by moral suasion,
With this act of altruism
Was a lesser Power, and Asian,
Spreading rampant Ghandi-ism?
Though you managed to rebuff her,
Kept India from her place,
You may note *she* did not suffer
Loss of face.

Returning good for evil,
Nehru's men
May start a huge upheaval
In U.N.
When the contest they relinquished
Did you think it quite surprising
That your light should be extinguished
And the light of Asia rising?
Did you guess this squalid crisis
Would not occur again
If you made sacrifices
Now and then?

When saluting with emotion,
Mr. Lodge,
India's noble self-devotion,
Mr. Lodge,
Did you know, by your procedure
You had lost the final vestige
Of your claim as moral leader,
Plus your democratic prestige?
The envoys of Nehru are
Mighty easy to dislodge—
But they're wiser men than you are,
Mr. Lodge!

SAGITTARIUS

Rumania After Five Years

I.—The Way They Live Now

Since 1948, when the Communists took power, Rumania has been sealed to all Westerners save diplomats, a few businessmen, and carefully-selected sympathisers. In the first two weeks of August, however, as part of the general relaxation that accompanied the admission of thousands of foreign delegates to the Youth Festival, visas were also granted to British and U.S. journalists. None of us managed to go far from Bucharest—the Rumanians pointing out politely that we were there to report the Festival, and added that they were far too busy to arrange special journeys. Nevertheless I was able to cross the country twice by train, and to visit a mountain resort and a farming area. Within Bucharest itself there were no restrictions.

Naturally, a great effort was made to make the city look attractive. Bucharest is now a pleasant capital; its wide boulevards are clean and shady, its public buildings dignified, and in recent years the swampy flats in the suburbs have been turned into huge parks and pleasure grounds. Dressed for the Festival with fresh paint and flags, with

music blaring from loudspeakers on the main streets, and with special supplies of food and consumer goods in the shops, it undoubtedly made a good impression on many visitors. In the State Bank, one morning, I noticed a girl from Iceland changing a large amount of money. I asked why she needed so much Rumanian currency, as the rate of exchange made things expensive. "This is the first time I have ever left Reykjavik," she said, "and by comparison this is a metropolis." Standards are relative. I talked to Africans and Arabs, who were dazzled by Bucharest, while the Swedes and Swiss were quick to notice the shortages.

It was not difficult to distinguish between trimmings and normal conditions. I wondered, for example, whether more food and clothing had been released just before the Festival, as the crowds in the restaurants and shops seemed to suggest. Yes, there had been hard times earlier this year. Rations had fallen short, and prices had soared in the free market. It was not necessary even to ask many questions to confirm this. In the official report for July on the State Plan, I found this paragraph.

> Due to the output of kitchen vegetables being retarded as a result of the cold weather in the Spring of this year, and to the non-fulfilment of the collection and acquisition plans for agricultural produce, the supply of the town population with a number of basic foods was not satisfactory. The plan for sales of meat, fats and sugar has not been fulfilled.

In addition to its desire to put on a good front for the Festival, the Government now seems to be making a determined effort to improve living standards—a change which is taking place all over Eastern Europe, and, as Malenkov's recent speech emphasised, in the Soviet Union as well. In Rumania, for example, rationing and the dual price system will probably be abolished within a few months, and the important speech by Premier Gheorghiu—Dej on August 23 shows that there is to be a decisive shift to increased production of consumer goods.

At present, the shops are not well stocked, and many goods we take for granted are both scarce and dear, even if allowance is made for an arbitrary exchange rate that over-values the *leu* at thirty to the pound. A vacuum flask, for example, costs forty *lei*; a cotton shirt—free market price—more than eighty *lei*; a box of chocolates, which is a real luxury, as much as one hundred *lei*. Some articles, such as cameras, watches, fountain pens and razor blades, are difficult or impossible to buy.

Prices, of course, must be set against wage rates. But these too are relatively low. There are some workers who earn little more than 250 *lei* a month. The average is higher—about four hundred a month—while shock workers, stakhanovites and professionals earn more than 1,500. This, in fact, was the wage of two stakhanovites I met. One, Mircea Dombrowski, who worked in the Clement Gottwald electrical plant, could afford to buy a new motor-cycle recently. The other, Ion Dumitrescu, was a linotype operator, who was setting twice the hourly norm of 5,000 letter founts. But to the cash wages of such men, and of all other workers, one must add the social wage. There are fairly extensive social security benefits while rents, as in all Communist countries, are kept low. In a modern block in the new Ferentari district, I found a family of three living in two rooms, with its own kitchen but sharing a bathroom, and paying about seventy *lei* a month for rent, heating, hot water and electricity. In older properties, the rent is not so high. One must add, for many workers, subsidised holidays, free or very cheap day nurseries and summer camps for the children, canteen meals at two or three *lei*, and a great many facilities for sport and entertainment provided through the trade unions or by the Government.

Comparisons between living standards in Rumania and Western countries are obviously misleading. Before the war Rumania's economy was semi-colonial; squalor and illiteracy were general. In the past five years, at the price of considerable hardship, the regime has laid the foundations of a modern economy. With limited resources, and with heavy reparations to pay, it could not simultaneously indulge in heavy capital investment, import raw materials and machines, and raise consumer standards. Such money and materials as there have been to spare have been concentrated on social projects, rather than spread thinly over the whole population as individuals, and there has been no organised opposition to the regime which would force it to build houses rather than factories, or produce consumer goods rather than machines. The belt has been tightened to the last notch.

House-building is indeed a case in point. The emphasis has been on schools, rest-homes, nurseries, theatres, clubs and other public buildings that can be used communally by a large number of people. Private housing has had to wait. I was unable to obtain any precise figures of houses or flats provided, or of the number of families rehoused. But, using the approximate area of twenty square metres for an average room, the published total of 1,700,000 square metres of new floor-space suggests, after making allowance for kitchens and bathrooms, that only twenty-five to thirty thousand new homes have been built. In the last few months, however, plans have been made to speed up domestic building. For one thing, the rapid expansion of industry has raised the urban population from 3.8 million to 5.5 million in the past five years, and this has obviously added to the pressure on a stock of houses that was already inadequate.

Modernisation of the economy, as I shall show in another article, has been the first objective of the regime. But the Premier's speech two weeks ago shows that the strain has told and that the Rumanians will now follow the present trend towards a less severe domestic policy. Great emphasis was placed in the early years, for example, on big construction schemes—from railways to the large-scale project based on the Danube-Black Sea Canal. These, no doubt, were one means of absorbing and of training unskilled labour; they were also, at a time of transition, a comparatively simple method of organising "socially-necessary" work, while both industry and raw material supplies were on a low level. Now, there is less emphasis on such schemes. People were saying in Bucharest that work on the Black Sea Canal, the most publicised of all projects, had been slowed down or even halted. When this was mentioned to Grigore Preoteasa, the Deputy Foreign Minister, he did not give us a categorical denial. His answer is worth quoting, not merely for what it says, but also because its form illustrates the difficulty that the journalist finds in getting definite replies to vital questions.

> There are changing circumstances in our country. They call for concentration on those particular works which will most rapidly raise the living standards of the people. In themselves, the works are not an objective. Whether work on the Canal is continued or not is not the essential problem. It is the Government's policy to concentrate on raising living standards.

In the sphere of public health, education and the provision of new cultural opportunities, the Rumanians claim some considerable achievements. The mortality rate, they say, fell from 19.1 per thousand in 1938 to 11.7 last year. Malaria, previously a scourge, has been eliminated, pellagra—always chronic in poor peasant communities—has almost disappeared, and medical services as a whole have been improved over pre-war. In 1938, there were 36 university faculties or institutes, concentrated in Bucharest, Jassy and Cluj. Now there are 135, some of them technical faculties, such as mining, petroleum and engineering, which have been sited in towns in the appropriate regions. The total number of students has increased from 23,000 to 62,000—nearly the same total as in Britain, and a percentage three times as large. Finally, the number of newly-literate people one met testifies to the success of the campaign against illiteracy; in the first half of this year, more than 77,000 teachers and instructors were drawn into this campaign, and about a quarter of a million people completed their literacy courses.

These are positive features and it would be foolish to minimise their effect. It would be equally foolish, especially since Gheorghiu-Dej spoke on August 23, to pretend that everything has gone to plan. In fact, "the directive to complete the Five Year Plan in four years was given without sufficiently profound study, and it did not correspond to the real possibilities of the national economy." The result has been the "serious shortcomings" that the Central Committee of the Workers' Party reviewed at a two-day session in mid-August. For some people, especially the youth—for whom much is done—and the poorer workers and peasants, things are better than they were. For the country as a whole, modernisation has been made possible by sacrifices. The new policy suggests that the time has come when more tangible rewards are both needed and possible.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

Garden City Jubilee

THE original idea was, as one might guess, Leonardo's. He suggested to the Duke of Milan that he be allowed to build ten cities each with a population of 30,000 so as to "separate this great congregation of people who herd together like goats on top of another, filling every place with foul odour and sowing seeds of pestilence and death." When Ebenezer Howard re-created the idea in 1898 he did so before electrification and motor transport made dispersal an attractive proposition, so that when Letchworth Garden City was founded fifty years ago it was hard pressed for capital. What is surprising is not that the City today still bears the stigmata of its prematurity, but that it lived. No archetype, it became the prototype for town-planners throughout the world.

Howard was born in Fore Street, E.C.2, in 1850. The years he spent in the City drifting from one unrewarding clerical job to another impressed him with the physical ugliness and spiritual nullity of urban life. But he did not become a rural romantic, and his book *Tomorrow: a Peaceful Path to Real Reform* did not advocate pastoral reversion. It noted that the young and adventurous deserted the country for the towns, and that the towns showed no gain to offset the country's impoverishment. They were too big for individuals to leave their mark on them, they were overcrowded with lonely people. The Garden City would solve these related problems simultaneously. It would be small enough to be a community, large enough to sustain a balanced economy; it would offer urban amenities in a rural setting, unite agriculture with a local market, combine factories and fresh air.

Howard's proposals for enacting this Utopian

fantasy originated the contemporary science of town-planning. They were, principally: To purchase agricultural land at an agricultural price; to purchase it through a dividend-limiting company which would plough its profits back into the estate; to plan the region so that the town's "factories and workshops, the homes of the people, the parks and open spaces, schools, churches and other public buildings may be placed in the most convenient positions, so as to minimise the ill-effects of any necessary objectionable features, and to secure the best and most widespread results for all natural and artificial amenities." An inviolable green belt would enable the inhabitants to enjoy both town and country, sites would be let for pre-determined purposes and the town would be protected from its own success by limiting its population to 30,000.

The Pioneer Company announced with almost suicidal candour:

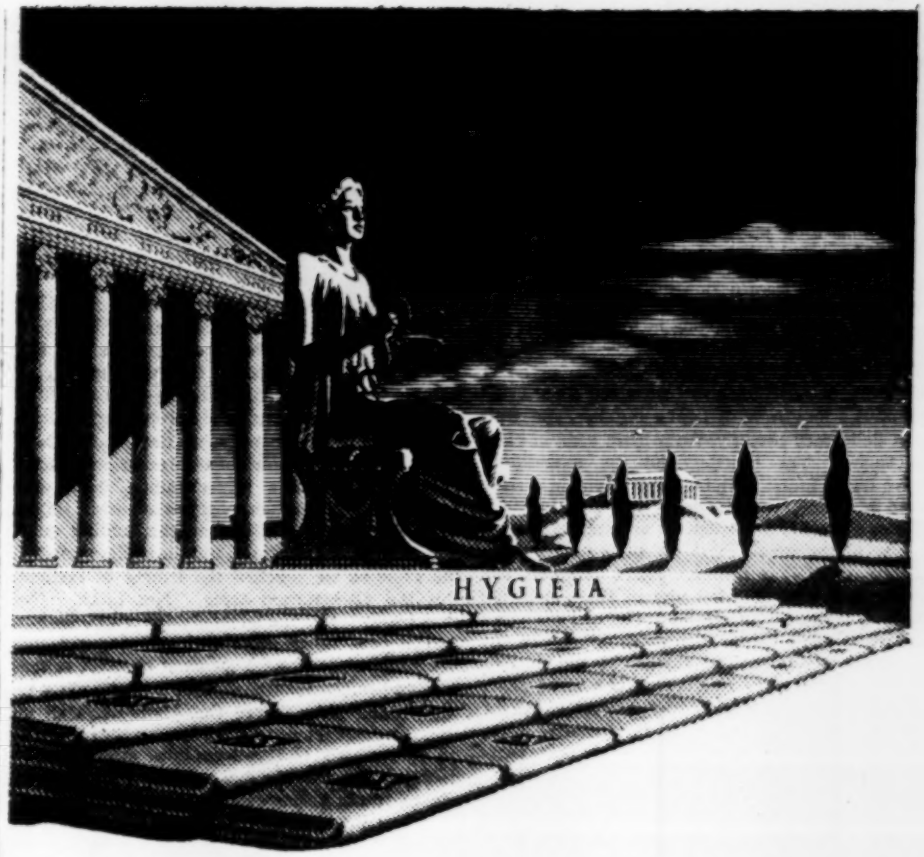
> It is not suggested that the project in its present stage offers the ordinary inducements to investors, the proposal being that the shareholders . . . shall not receive any profits by way of dividend, but that if, and when, the ultimate company is formed they shall be entitled to fully paid shares . . . of a nominal amount equal to the aggregate of (1) the amounts paid up upon their shares in this company; (2) a sum equal to interest thereon at 4 per cent. . . . It should be pointed out that if ultimately the public fail to subscribe the capital necessary to form the ultimate company, the capital of this company might be in part or wholly lost.

Honesty paid: an estate was bought, First Garden City Ltd. was registered at Somerset House on September 1, 1903, and Earl Grey cut the first sod on October 9. As Thomas Broadbent told Tim Haffigan, Garden City is not Heaven; it is near Hitchin. Its 4,000 Hertfordshire acres were bought for £155,600 from fifteen different owners, from each of whom the object of the purchase had to be kept secret, so that an agricultural price could in fact be paid for the land.

Then Howard's "migratory movement" began. It started with 400 people (by the end of 1904) who were mostly business and professional zealots for social reform. The first industries arrived at the end of 1905, and Letchworth is now the most industrialised town in North Hertfordshire. Its prosperity is based on foundation garments and a foundry, on printing, parachutes and perambulators, office machinery and municipal transport. Industrialists were attracted by expansion room, low ground rent, cheap labour (provided by the indigenous and neighbouring populations) and, in quite a number of cases, the Garden City ideal. Outside Letchworth it is widely believed that the migrants made the first Garden City a colony of escapists and cranks; inside Letchworth it is widely believed that the pioneer Garden Citizens were indeed the last of the eccentrics. These views are worth examining because Ebenezer Howard thought that Garden Cities would produce better, not balmier, people.

In 1909 a Letchworth magazine published an illustrated alphabetical guide, in which C stands "for a Crank, who applies for a plot; And a Clerk saying civilly, 'Certainly not.'" We must be warned, however, that the concept Crank is perilously relative to time and point of view. Today the hatters seek to shame us from our bare-headedness. Fifty years ago Letchworthians were gaped at for being so hatless. Today, sandals are not regarded as an aberration, particularly among ladies, though it must be admitted that the dew bath never caught on. However, in view of the unpredictable character of the word "crank," it will be safer to quote some evidence without evaluating it in detail.

In January 1909, a Letchworth writer observed "a considerable number of Socialists and



Steps to hygiene...

The Greeks worshipped Hygieia as the goddess of health. We do not worship hygiene but we practise it more and more, and the importance of food cleanliness is being increasingly recognised. Here a vital part is played by paper. Paper bags, paper wrappings and for bulk deliveries the multi-wall paper sack, protecting its contents from contamination as no other sack can. The Medway multi-wall sack is ideal for the packaging of sugar, flour and all sorts of human food and animal feeding stuffs. It is tough, resilient, sift-proof and resistant to moisture. It is indeed a revolution in hygienic packing and a typical example of the way in which the Reed Paper Group—with its great resources for the development and manufacture of paper products—is continually seeking to contribute better products to serve the nation's daily needs.

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vegetarians and other 'unorthodox' persons of different types amongst us." He continued, with some relief:

> Nowhere . . . is the 'revolutionary' more genuinely anxious to hear and consider the other side . . . And even in Letchworth the 'revolutionary' is, of course, in a considerable minority, while the bloodthirsty type of Utopian is not in evidence at all. If he does come here . . . he is soon rendered perfectly kind and tame, and generally becomes . . . a really valuable worker for some Civic institution. It is a great thing to learn to harness your wild-bulls and man-eaters to the plough. And perhaps it is because we have to some extent learned this that we may seriously claim that our Socialists are not unsocial, our vegetarians are not wanting in humanity, and our Christians do not hate one another.

The vegetarians must have been a powerful minority because the town managed for a comparatively long time without a butcher, and meat was delivered, covertly, from plain vans in plain packages. The butcher and the moonshiner were on all fours. Letchworth citizens held their first plebiscite on the drink question in 1907. There were 631 votes against allowing a licensed house in the town (there are pubs on the periphery), and 544 in favour. There have been five polls since then (the last was in 1939) and each time a majority has ignored Howard's advice: "The Garden City experiment, as one in the direction of temperance reform, would . . . be more valuable if the traffic were permitted under reasonable regulations than if it were stopped." Local gossip partly attributes the majority to the canvassing of brewers who know that there is no stimulant like prohibition.

The building which symbolises Letchworthian heterodoxy is the Cloisters, a fantasy-castle with staircases which celebrate the open-air cult by flying round the tower, on the outside. It was there that the late Miss Annie Lawrence encouraged experimental educational and social projects. At one time a group of students pursued the Whole Life there, attending lectures on philosophy and religion in the mornings, and going farming after lunch. The morning functions were reputed to be the more popular. There may be a moral to be deduced from the present-day occupation of the building by the Masons and a dancing school. For, foreign scandal notwithstanding, there can be little doubt that Letchworth is "normal" enough today. It is true that it is still wise to establish a person's dietetic philosophy before inviting him to lunch, that it is still rash to be irreverent about Esperanto in unknown company, and that there is a wonderful selection of Nonconformist sects. Although in 1925, before Purcell was rehabilitated, it really was rather exceptional to attract 2,000 people to five amateur performances of his *Dido*, it is no longer so startling that an amateur drama company should put on Anouilh's *Antigone* (before much smaller audiences). An unpromising suburb like Ilford can boast as much. As to the pioneers, there can be no doubt that Letchworth's clean slate attracted many who wanted an experimental plot for the weirdest of nostrums. There can also be no doubt that the founders were more than usually prepared to inconvenience themselves for a pilot scheme to make urban civilisation more civilised.

Howard and the Garden Cities and Town Planning Association enunciated the classic definition in 1919. It runs: "A Garden City is a Town designed for healthy living and industry; of a size that makes possible a full measure of social life, but not larger; surrounded by a rural belt; the whole of the land being in public ownership or held in trust for the community." Since Letchworth possesses each of these defining characteristics, it may vote itself, in its fiftieth year, a success.

SIMON HUGHES

Bosoms in Boston

THE female secondary sex characteristic is, we find, the dominent theme in current American culture. The hot-dog or the hamburger is today merely a way of staving off starvation between a one o'clock lunch and supper at five-thirty. The juke-box and the television are incidentals in the background of the bar room. The funnies in the Sunday papers are colourful but familiar. But the bosom. This is America. It is obtrusive, omnipresent, lush.

We (who are a group of Europeans and Asians, politicians, journalists, economists, novelists) were already aware that the female is not flat. But we had not gathered that the opposite of flatness was a vital ancillary to the sale of Cadillac cars, Camel cigarettes and propelling pencils. We became aware of this as we drove out of New York in a Greyhound bus through the sticky, oppressive heat of a July evening. Girls with peaches-and-cream complexions all over smiled from the posters just beyond the landing quay. The posters, the attitudes, and the smiles remained the same as we touched the fringes of Harlem. But the girls turned sepia. Not black. Not dark brown. Just the faintest tinge of *café au lait*.

The next shock came the following evening. We were invited to "a moment of quiet relaxation and informal discussion at a punch party on the shaded lawn before the Memorial Hall on the Campus." Here we were to meet the hundreds of young girls and college boys attending the Harvard Summer School, where students and school teachers may take a compressed course in almost anything from existentialism to business method. We arrived early. We admired the statue of Harvard, the founder, whose face embodying all of wisdom, dignity and manly beauty, was invented by a sculptor not many years ago. We watched the fat, lazy squirrels lollop inquisitively round us begging the crumbs. Then from the women's halls came a stream of girls, a floodtide of blue jeans, of very brief briefs and peculiar pedal pushers which reach half-way down the shins; a Niagara of necklines that plunged and blouses that hung, a triumph of will power over gravity, from a position about four inches below each shoulder. From the men's halls came Hawaiian shirts and seersucker pants. The two mingled and split into groups. This, said our guide, was a tense hour for all present. Preliminary dating was taking place. Any girl not dated by the end of the punch would be one point down in the battle of the sexes. She would face the rest of the summer in despair.

"If," I said idly, looking at our agenda, "If this is listed as *informal* conversation, what is *formal* conversation?"

A Lebanese economist answered, rolling his r's with intense feeling, "For formal conversation the ladees are perhaps dressed."

An elderly Pakistani philosopher, a quiet man who on the voyage from Southampton had said hardly a word, was moved to speech. He looked at his colleagues; "Remember" he said softly, in that lilting accent so reminiscent of Welsh, "We are here to discuss economics, politics and philosophics."

Our American guide continued his briefing. We were not to assume that Harvard was like this in term time. The Summer School was in a class apart. We were not to assume that laxity in dress indicates laxity of moral standards. The American Co-ed was by tradition granted a great deal of freedom by her parents. She had therefore evolved an inner moral code to replace the external supervision of a chaperon. She would go so far in provocation, but almost no distance at all in gratification. The American male was aware of this and was adjusted to it. Other cultures investigating the American scene should move with discretion.

"In other words," said a Spaniard, "if we more simple Europeans were to make our more simple assessments the girls would run up the trees like the leetle squirrels."

We learned later, in a tour of puritanical Boston by night, just how the American college male adjusts himself to the constant assault of the bosom. He goes to the Burlesk Theatre, where he can see more of them in ample proportions and more extensive nudity. Where he can whistle at them or comment upon them derisively. Where he can see girl after girl, to the same tune, with the same manual and bodily gestures, strip in the same way, in a dance which is, in affect a choreographic miming of seduction. Or he goes into any one of the downtown bars and sees very much the same thing as he sips his 50-cent bottle of beer. The combined experience of our group has seen leg shows in every European, and most African and Asian capitals. But nothing like puritan Boston on a Saturday evening.

This, we know, is not all of America. There is Harvard itself and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. There are great things, noble things and inspiring things in the American culture. But the first impact is made by the bosom. There are deep psychological, and even surgical, consequences to this. I quote from the August issue of *Pageant*. The issue had devoted eight pages and ten photographs to a serious article on Breastplasty or the use of plastic surgery to create mountains out of molehills: "About 4,000,000 young American women suffer in some degree from micromastia (immature breasts) and another 10,000,000 from ptosis (or collapse or sagging of the breasts). With our constantly increasing emphasis on the breast as the standard for feminine beauty many of these millions face severe psychological difficulties . . . They lack confidence in their ability to get a man and, if married, to hold him. It is not surprising that out of such fears and tensions they develop complexes . . ." and so on and on and on.

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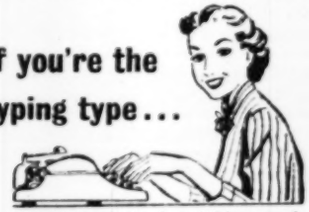

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The Arts and Entertainment

"THE CONFIDENTIAL CLERK"

With *The Confidential Clerk*, Mr. Eliot has done it again. By this I do not mean that he has merely repeated the success of *The Cocktail Party*; he is not the kind of writer to repeat his successes. Each work is for him (and consequently for us) an exploration, and initially, if I understand what he has written about his own methods, an exploration in technique. *The Confidential Clerk* explores new territory and uses methods in some ways quite different from anything that has gone before, and yet it is able to rivet the attention of ordinary theatre audiences who could not—and should not—be expected to be interested in questions of technique. An audience judges by results, and though this play is, I believe, very imperfect, Mr. Eliot has now reached a stage where the authority with which he puts his questions imposes itself absolutely.

From the very opening of the play we feel we are on sure ground. Yet it is a very odd sort of sure ground, this of Mr. Eliot's. It is by no means the conventional sure ground of problems posed and solutions neatly found for them. On the contrary, we are never quite sure what the problems really are; and as for the solutions, they none of them seem to us to fit at all. Why then we should be content to follow so fumbling and faltering a guide is a mystery. But so it is. His authority is such that he compels us along.

Our exploration is of Sir Claude Mulhammer's curiously assorted household. Sir Claude himself has inherited a financial business from his father; he runs it successfully enough but is at heart an artist *manqué*. Then there is his wife, Lady Elizabeth, a scatterbrained woman interested in fake religions. There is an ambiguous young woman whom the faithful old confidential clerk pronounces "flighty"; and she is engaged to a successful young protégé of Sir Claude's, B. Kaghan. Finally there is yet another protégé, Mr. Colby Simpkins, a young musician *manqué* who is training on as confidential clerk in Eggerson's place. The clue to the plot is not with the rather Gilbertian revelations of paternal and maternal mix-ups. It is not a question of who we are, but of what we choose to be. We must, it is suggested, follow in our fathers' footsteps. Young Colby, of doubtful origins, failed organist but with a talent for finance, can choose one of several fathers who offer themselves to guide his footsteps. Which shall he choose to be saved? The theme is decorated with several variations ranging from the poignant to the farcical. For all of them are, or have been, faced with related choices, and they are only reminded that once they have chosen "we all of us have to adapt ourselves to the wish that is granted."

What is new in the play is that for the first time Mr. Eliot approaches, in his own devious way, the question of human relationships. We are not yet dealing with people in the Ibsenite or the novelist's sense, and the fact that the characters are not people in this sense makes for a certain confusion. But the human interest is there, and it gives us a first act which fairly bristles with the possibilities of development. It gives us too, to start the second, a scene of great tenderness, a love scene—or rather a scene which beautifully embodies the reaching out towards a first shy contact between two young people. Technically, too, Mr. Eliot has succeeded with his last act which, even if emotionally it may leave us baffled, is, with its family conference and its *deus ex machina*, dramatically effective and flowers out of what has gone before.

Yet, amusing, fascinating, oddly disturbing as *The Confidential Clerk* is, I cannot help feeling that in approaching the question of human relationships Mr. Eliot set himself more problems than he had anticipated. His present compromise is uneasy. If his characters are to have relationships which interest us, they must become less spiritual types and more people—at least so long as Mr. Eliot, for his own reasons, insists on suppressing the verse. Nor can the people be in any important relation with each other so long as the action is on the level of the absurd. It is all very well to try to reassure us by founding the plot on classical myth. That doesn't put right the confusion of modes. The comic exaggerations of the plot don't fit the terms of contemporary life—or at least they are not made to fit with these particular people and their particular problems. Quite a different form of make-believe is needed for each set. We can perfectly accept a changeling found in a hand-bag, if we are introduced to it in the fantasy of comedy. But we would be hard put to it to take seriously the spiritual problems of such a changeling, or feel solemn over the announcement that it was to read for Holy Orders.

These confusions have obviously set actors and producer a difficult task. The problems have been notably well solved. But, except in two cases, the solution is a compromise. Miss Isabel Jeans is brilliantly funny as Lady Elizabeth; but she would have had to forgo some of her best laughs if she were to modulate properly into the seriousness that sometimes seems called for. Yet surely the author has himself funked the issue in her last scene and left her with nothing to say and no attitude to strike? Miss Margaret Leighton has the most difficult part. Her first act irruption doesn't quite come off in the writing (ought she not here be quite definitely planted in the audience's mind as Sir Claude's mistress, if the second act surprise is to work properly?). Her love scene is beautifully written and played with an exquisite pathos; it brings tears to the eyes. But her third act scene is surely another missed chance—too much prosy explanation before the emotional good-bye. Sir Claude is comparatively straightforward (if we accept that he is unexplained), and Mr. Paul Rogers just about achieves him. Young Colby Simpkins is "different"; everyone notices it; everyone says so. But the difference is not very visible or audible in the part (as little as it was with Celia Copleston); Mr. Denholm Elliott has to be diffident and puzzled and charming; and so he is. Eggerson, the old confidential clerk, and B. Kaghan, the brash young financier, offer no difficulties. Mr. Alan Webb plays the former as a sweet, rather sugary, good old man, and Mr. Peter Jones gives a life-like lightning sketch of the bounder with a good heart. And finally Miss Alison Legatt makes a telling entry as the mysterious *Dea ex machina*.

Mr. Eliot has now carried his principles about the kind of verse appropriate to modern verse drama to their logical conclusion. The controlling beat, which could still be faintly heard in *The Cocktail Party*, is no longer audible at all. It is the abrogation of this control that is, I think, largely responsible for the confusion. Surely he has now reached the point he was aiming at, when "he can dare to make more liberal use of poetry."

T. C. Worsley

EDINBURGH MUSIC

In Great Britain we frequently get to know an opera by way of radio, gramophone and vocal score long before we see it performed. In theory, our preconceptions are expected to be largely wrong; in practice, the visual dramatic effect is often very much as we had imagined it. I am not referring, of course, to the actual stage picture: no one who is not himself an artist is likely to have imagined anything so handsome and appropriate as the designs executed by Osbert Lancaster for Stravinsky's *The Rake's Progress*, in its Glyndebourne production here. Yet what remains constant in any sound performance, and can often be forecast by the fairly experienced listener, is the dramatic impact of a given scene or of the work as a whole.

For instance, I had formed an impression that, contrary to what might have been expected, Stravinsky has been more at home with the sentimental and the sinister sides of the fable than with the farcical; and so it proved. There is little real gaiety or exhilaration in the buffo scenes between Tom and Nick; true, the two are uneasy companions, but at times they have music which is obviously intended to whirl us away. Baba the Turk may seem to be an exception; but her great success at Edinburgh was due, I felt, less to her beard (surely one of the world's feeblest jokes) or to her music (which lies awkwardly for the voice) than to the considerable personal exuberance of Miss Nan Merriman. How the normally lavish Glyndebourne management dared to give this lady unbreakable plastic crockery to fling about is more than I can imagine. Her sudden extinguishing by a tea-cosy, in mid-roulade, caused the momentary flicker of mirth which was to have been foreseen. That such vitality should be snuffed out by so dim a debauchee as Tom Rakewell was not so much ludicrous as artistically impossible. On the stage, as over the air, the brothel scene was the best of the livelier episodes; but for once in a way the auction scene had *sounded*, from Venice, much more amusing than it here *looked*, possibly because Hugues Cuénod made a better auctioneer than Murray Dickie.

A point that emerged clearly from the Edinburgh production was the incongruity, which not even Carl Ebert's skill could disguise, of the sentimental and buffo elements in music and plot. Of course, these two elements can be successfully mixed, as they are in Stravinsky's models, *Così fan tutte* and *Don Giovanni*; but in *The Rake's Progress* they are apt to come into head-on collision, as in the episode of the interrupted wedding procession outside Tom's London house. Here the protracted hold-up of Baba in her sedan chair—which in the hands of a Rossini would have provided a glorious occasion for a mounting riot of musical absurdity—acquires no cumulative comic force because it is incompatible in tone with the prolonged sentimental dalliance of Tom and the deserted Anne. Stravinsky is for the moment aiming at a genuine emotion, so that each of Baba's incursions must remain a passing jest.

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The score as a whole is often pretty, always ingenious, sometimes captivating, but also habitually short-winded and wanting in spontaneity. Stravinsky has made a real effort to give his singers the lion's share of the music (in this aim he was ably abetted by Alfred Wallenstein, who kept his orchestra at a low level throughout), and the audience enjoys this novel sensation—novel, that is, at a modern opera. Ingeniously as the composer has varied his accompaniment figures, he has perhaps rather overworked this device; moreover, he has an odd way of suddenly suspending the figuration, thus leaving the singer unsupported, as though standing on one leg. The orchestra was a little rough, the performance in other respects first-rate. Elsie Morison was a lightweight but charming Anne and Richard Lewis a most musical Rake: his un-rakish aspect is hardly at variance with the moping character drawn by the librettists. Jerome Hines, an elongated, parsonical and Dickensian Nick Shadow, sang with delightful firmness but might have articulated more clearly. Altogether *The Rake* makes a stimulating evening; but I doubt if we shall find ourselves humming and loving this music for the rest of our lives.

Someone or other had thumbed his Musician's Calendar to good purpose, and discovered that 1953 was both the tercentenary of Corelli's birth and the bicentenary of Viotti's. Here then, in "the development of violin music," was a ready-made *canto fermo*, always welcome to give shape and stiffening to the programmes of a Festival all too conscious of having no natural focal point of its own. Almost anything proved grist to this obliging mill, including a complete cycle of Beethoven String Quartets given at the morning concerts in the Freemasons' Hall. These were divided between three groups of players; I heard the first concert of the Paganini Quartet, who drew silken, sinuous tone from their splendid instruments (all of which once belonged to Paganini, the viola being, it seems, the very instrument for which Berlioz wrote his *Harold in Italy*); at moments I could have wished for a firmer and more downright utterance from the leader, but throughout the A major of Opus 18 they were exceedingly fine. Two days earlier, Isaac Stern, with Harry Blech's Mozart Players, had given a performance of Mozart's G major Violin Concerto which was memorable and exemplary: at once strong, pure, graceful and resilient. To judge from a broadcast of the opening concert, Gioconda de Vito must have been almost as fine in Viotti's light-weight, seductive Concerto No. 22 in A minor. Whether because of the relative unfamiliarity of the music, or because of the fine Stradivarius, a gift of the Italian Government, on which she was playing for the first time in public, this artist, who began her English career so splendidly and who has of late been disappointing her admirers, suddenly regained the nobility of her style and the golden beauty of her tone.

The string family was the strongest feature of the Rome Symphony Orchestra which began the round of Usher Hall concerts. Their regular conductor, Previtali, is more successful than Gui in taming the operatic exuberance of their brass and in securing a well-balanced ensemble; but what they (and perhaps the audience too) really enjoyed most was Respighi's overpoweringly blatant *Pines of Rome*. Gui presented an interesting quasi-novelty in Ghedini's *Pezzo Concertante* of 1931, in which two violins and a viola (exquisitely played) form a gentle alliance and gradually tame a peremptory unison theme until at last harmonious peace reigns throughout the orchestra. Petrassi's picturesque ballet, *La Follia di Orlando* suffered by juxtaposition with the still greater picturesqueness of Stravinsky's *Fire Bird*; this ill-planned programme had begun with the Overture to *La Forza del Destino*, followed by, of all things, Beethoven's *Grosse Fuge*.

In an all-out performance with the B.B.C. Orchestra of that strangely Lisztian work, Vaughan Williams's *Sinfonia Antarctica*, Sir Malcolm Sargent supplemented the composer's wind machine by some Top Secret banshee wailings of his own invention; they sounded electronic, but were said to have been produced in the mouthpiece of the horns by some device which I can only hope is patent. Nothing but the purest of music, however, was to be found in Michael Tippett's specially commissioned *Fantasia Concertante on a Theme of Corelli*, which began the programme and was conducted by the composer. This was a noble and extended structure, for string orchestra and three soloists. A central section of furious contrapuntal complexity defeated my attempts to grasp it. It may be that it was not very clearly played; at any rate, the composer suddenly began to urge on his forces in bursts of Toscanini-like song; whereupon, as though just that moment composed and telepathically communicated to the orchestra, a great swirling passage ushered in a richly decorated and gloriously uplifting spell of lyrical writing, which left in at least one listener the keenest desire to hear the whole work again as soon as possible.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

VENICE FILM FESTIVAL

THE nations' flags are massed above the entrance to the Palazzo del Cinema, and large hoardings for delightful films to come block a view of the sea. A *Cavalleria Rusticana* is announced in three dimensions and Ferraniacolor, with, mysteriously, Kerima—the new *Colosso del Cinematograph Italiano*: also *Traviata 53* and Gary Cooper in *Samoa*. And, as the sun climbs to noon, starlets and designing hopefuls intending to be taken for starlets parade in Bikinis above the sea, ordinary holidaymakers are gaping at them and getting their names wrong over a *citron pressé*, photographers lurk like birds of prey in the shadows, and the critics discuss their daily bill of fare, which usually includes a couple of documentary appetisers and two substantial main courses.

The fare, it must be admitted, has been disappointing. More than half the entries have now been seen, and out of fifteen or so feature films only one has shown real quality. It is, certainly, a film one would go a long way to see, this Japanese production, *Ugetsu Monogatari*, which translates, magically, as *The Tales of a Pale and Mysterious Moon after the Rain*. It describes the adventures of a potter, his wife, and a ghost princess during a civil war in the sixteenth century; it is half realistic, half legendary, but both levels are treated as if they were the same. The potter, after his village has been sacked by invading soldiers, escapes to a nearby town, where he attracts the attentions of a phantom princess living in a house of ghosts. She tries to entice him away to the shades with her, but at the last moment he resists her spells and returns, as the war ends, to his ravaged home. The film contains an extraordinary amount of incident, much of it alien and fantastic, but the narrative triumphantly creates its own world; exquisitely composed, with a surface that, like Hokusai or Hiroshige, combines the most delicate subtlety with a rich, barbaric power, this is a truly marvellous work. Two of the players are familiar from *Rashomon*—Machi-Ko Kyo, the ghost princess, and Masayuki Mori, the husband in the earlier film, who plays the potter here.

Too many other films have provided only the melancholy spectacle of distinguished talent seriously on the wane. The late Pudovkin's *The Return of Vassily Bortnikov*, finished just before his death, is the story of a soldier who comes home after the war to find that his wife has been unfaithful to him, and who soon sublimates all by reorganising a collective farm and improving local tractor maintenance, which has been unduly slack. There is the fine colour photograph of exterior scenes that one sees in many modern Soviet films, but this was all the same a sad epitaph for one of the best Russian directors, a heavy, characterless and tractor-ridden work with hardly any trace of the personal style of the creator of *Mother* and *Storm Over Asia*; and the introductory address, reminding us of Pudovkin's greatness, only served to drive the lesson home. An even stranger decline was represented by *The*

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Saga of Anatahan, made independently in Japan by Josef von Sternberg, director of *The Blue Angel* and the best Dietrich films. It tells of fifteen Japanese soldiers (the "Drones") and one Japanese girl (the "Queen Bee") marooned on a volcanic island in the Pacific from 1944 to 1951, and a somewhat uneven war between the sexes that passes the time. A promising subject for this master of the erotic image, one might have thought, but all that emerges is a dingy and bombastic piece of melodrama, sepulchrally commentated by Sternberg himself, the ludicrous extremes of which the audience was not slow to appreciate. Finally, Claude Autant-Lara's *Le Bon Dieu sans Confession*—a study, enclosed in reminiscent flashbacks, of a rich Parisian bourgeois, his relations with his family and friends as they think over them at his funeral—was a disappointingly dry and conventional piece of work. It begins as a rather obvious comedy of manners and ends as a middlebrow novelette; nowhere is there the tender penetration or feeling for a social climate that so distinguished *Douce* and *Le Diable au Corps*.

GAVIN LAMBERT

BALLETS DE PARIS

A COMPANY of young, beautiful and vital dancers who, even though not perfectly drilled, have individually great polish, are not to be resisted. It is seldom that these charms are combined under one versatile dictator, such as Roland Petit, for besides directing the company with ability, he is also its chorecographer and *premier danseur*. The *Ballets de Paris*, now running at the Stoll, are, by and large, more interesting than any other company in circulation. Petit is one who never lacks for fresh ideas; his best ballets are romantic with a kind of contemporary romance that makes an immediate appeal; they are related to modern behaviour and modern sensibilities, whether the subject is strolling players, were-wolves or garret love. This sensibility towards the contemporary emotional tempo is not, it seems, a lasting quality among choreographers. Massine, Ashton, Balanchine and Jooss are no longer able to touch the pulse of today, great artistes though they are, for their present work is all to some degree dated way back in their youth. This is why it is so important for companies to be continually trying out young choreographers, so as to prevent stagnation, and why Roland Petit's work is such an excitement.

Beside this sense of adventure, the company has the power of making every movement add to the drama, so that each turn of the head or lift of the finger has meaning for the audience. In this it is way ahead of other ballet companies which, save in a few stars, are only able to train their members to act and dance alternately. The other satisfactory thing is the standard of the decor, which has taste and originality. In the case of *Le Loup*, Carzou's costumes and scenery are superb. This story by Anouilh and Georges Neveux tells of a bride in love with a wolf, who flees with him to the woods, only to be hunted to death by the angry villagers and gipsies. Here the delicate line of costumes among the maze of perpendicular trees where the wolf lurks have a strangely muted dazzle. Altogether this is the best ballet in the repertoire so far, the movement being sharp with weird terror and pathos. Roland Petit is a frightening wolf, sad and ferocious in his love; while Violette Verdy makes a touchingly young and graceful bride. In this work, even more than the others, the whole cast achieves a dramatic intensity which is entirely convincing.

The worst thing about Petit's ballets is his choice of music. In *Ciné-Bijou*, a skit on the musical nonsense of the cinema, it is so weak as to be hardly any use at all. Here, also, Petit's dances are at their worst. The acrobatics which he is always inclined to introduce are neither beautiful nor clever, the whole being a disjointed medley of song and ballified jazz. The star, Colette Marchand of the much publicised legs, which turn out to be handsome, not heavenly, is an excellently polished, but not exciting dancer.

ANNABEL FARJEON

RADIO NOTES

IT was a good week for those of us who exercise our social consciences vicariously. The theme was not prisons but what happens to prisoners when they come out. Inside, they are—or many of them—determined to go straight in future, but when the future comes the pattern often repeats itself and in they go again. Why? Mr. Merfyn Lloyd Turner, an experienced prison visitor, gave some part of the answer in his Sunday evening talk, *Never No More*. To find it, Mr. Turner has lived in the lodging-houses to which many discharged prisoners drift because there is nowhere else for them to go. These lodging-houses, Mr. Turner says, are inhabited by three classes: respectable working men, the aged, and spivs. It is the spivs who are a menace to the discharged prisoner without money or a job.

Mr. Turner's talk was genuinely moving, and the speaker himself is a natural broadcaster with a restrained Welsh eloquence. He would agree with the social worker, in Mr. C. R. Hewitt's programme, *Out of Prison*, later in the week, who said that the discharged man "needs the moral strength of ten men when he comes out." Mr. Hewitt was investigating the problem from a wider angle, investigating the facilities that exist in order to help men just out of jail. He interviewed discharged prisoners, Borstal boys, social workers, factory personnel officers, industrialists, and he did so with a quite admirable skill. His voice is warm and responsive, but the ready understanding doesn't mask the shrewdness and the reserves of experience: no one, you felt, discharged prisoner, social worker or prison official, was ever going to swing anything over him. The programme caught the imagination partly because of the odd, oblique glimpses of other people's lives the interviews disclosed.

"Cleopatra fell in love with Hamlet": this, according to Miss Bradbrook, is the core of *Rosmersholm*. If indeed it is, it remained obstinately hidden in Mr. Grantham's production of the play in "World Theatre." Something was wrong; certainly, I think, the adaptation. Of course the text had to be cut, but what was sacrificed was the symbolism, the constant references, dark, ironical, to the "white horses," which are surely there to emphasise and prepare us for the doom that hangs over the house of Rosmer. And this suggests, too, that Mr. Grantham had no clear-cut interpretation of the play in his mind, a notion the acting reinforced. Ibsen, one has often felt, watching his plays on the stage, is an especial problem—at least in English versions, where so often the grandeur of conception seems matched only by the inadequacy of the language. More than any other great dramatist, he demands great acting; it is all or nothing. And accomplished though the players in this production were, we were miles away from anything like great acting; and with the symbolism—Ibsen's equivalent of heightened language—gone, what was left?

Two programmes which gave me considerable pleasure were Mr. Francis Watson's *The Way to the Island* and Mr. Frank Gillard's *Channel to Mediterranean*. Mr. Watson's island was Robinson Crusoe's, and his feature was a discursive, illustrated account of the genesis of the book and its influence. It wore its scholarship lightly, and Mr. Watson's narration, which he spoke most agreeably, was elegant and entertaining. *Channel to Mediterranean* was a programme of a kind in which Mr. Gillard has become a specialist. The formula is simple: you drive from one place to another and you record what strikes your ear: the travelogue. It is exciting or banal according to the personality of the traveller and his expertise. Mr. Gillard's journey was not banal, and two incidents in it were especially memorable: the wonderfully vivid eye-witness account of the bull-fight at Arles, a gay, harmless affair, but most exciting, and the search for flamingoes in the Camargue. The recordings were excellent, those of the Tour de France especially, and so was Mr. Acton-Bond's production.

WILLIAM SALTER

"A Match for the Devil," at the St. Mary's Hall, Edinburgh

Mr. Norman Nicholson's other verse plays, *The Old Man of the Mountains* and *Prophesy to the Wind*, seemed the work of a natural dramatist who had not yet found himself. Their successor, one of the plays outside the Festival's official list, shows the natural dramatist stumbling rather badly. His handling of a promising theme is surprisingly inept, and the verse, though it has vigour, is too often betrayed by his facility for forcible-feeble alliteration into inexactness of meaning. Mr. Nicholson sees Hosea as one of the first of the prophets to preach God in terms of love rather than law. He sees him also as a shy, busy little tradesman who happens in his ignorance of women to marry one of the temple harlots and is shocked and hurt when she returns to the temple. He has made up his mind not to care how much his neighbours may laugh at him as a complacent husband, and he offers her his full forgiveness. The woman has scarcely any sense of personal morality, and forgiveness is something that she cannot tolerate. She has a pagan joy in love and she merely asks to be loved. Hosea begins slowly to realise that true morality can rise only from love, and through this realisation he regains a wife and gains a new philosophy. What might be the nucleus of a good play if the author had concentrated on essentials remains an anecdote arrived at through masses of verbiage. Mr. Jack Rodney plays the bourgeois prophet with pleasing simplicity, but he is not well supported.

D. M.

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MR. DULLES AND THE U.N.

SIR,—Politicians usually speak more soberly in office than when out of power. Mr. John Foster Dulles reverses this rule.

His latest effort (to date) is his speech advocating the abolition of the unanimity rule in the U.N. Security Council, on the ground that it makes co-operation with the Soviet Union necessary. This, declares Mr. Dulles, is an anachronism in the atomic age. Instead, the United States must make her anti-Soviet alliances solid and reliable.

But in his book, *War and Peace*, published in 1950, Mr. Dulles wrote, in support of the unanimity rule: "No great power will consent to be bound in advance by whatever action may be taken against it. I feel confident that the United States would not consent to put itself in that position. . . . It has happened so far that a majority in the Security Council has been friendly to the United States, so that our veto has not been needed to protect our interests. But it may not always be so; and, if it should not be so, certainly the United States would want to have a veto power."

For the sake of the record, let me recall that on May 5, 1948, Secretary of State Marshall told the Foreign Affairs Committee of the House of Representatives that the Senate would never have ratified the Charter if it had not included the unanimity rule, because "we do not want our man-power and our strength committed by a two-thirds vote." He added that the abolition of the unanimity rule in the Security Council would mean breaking up the United Nations and dividing the world into rival camps preparing for a third world war.

On the old common-law principle that a man must be held to want the natural consequences of his acts, this is the consummation apparently denied by Secretary of State John Foster Dulles—or by those he feels it necessary to appease as the price of power. We have gone a long way along that path already. Are we to remain yes-men to the camp-follower of Senator McCarthy, the China lobby, Syngman Rhee and Chiang Kai-shek until the bloody and awful end?

K. ZILLIACUS

"CHINA THROUGH INDIAN EYES"

SIR,—Mr. Hutheesing's "facts" are not new; despite documented contradictions he has been presenting them in some Indian papers. He makes the interesting statement that since the Chinese themselves say that in 1951 their food production was 92 per cent of that in 1936, and as in 1936 Chiang had to import food, the Chinese claim of food self-sufficiency is fictitious. Mr. Hutheesing is blissfully oblivious of the fact that Chiang's was a truncated China which had lost control over the rich food-producing area of Manchuria, and one does not really know what he means by saying that Manchuria's produce was "available" to Chiang, for Japan had already absorbed Manchuria in her orbit. The transport problem was, in the past, one of the biggest factors responsible for food imports in Chiang's China. By linking all the parts of China with one another through a reorganised transport system, the Chinese have eliminated a very important cause of food imports. Mr. Hutheesing, moreover, bases his judgments on the figures for 1951, which marked the early stage of the rehabilitation period, but conveniently ignores the figures for 1952 which are available, not only in percentages, but also in absolute figures. In 1952 China produced over 163 million tons of foodstuffs and about 1.25 million tons of raw cotton.

Mr. Hutheesing makes the amazing statement that the effect of land reforms has been merely political and psychological, not economic and material. Yet we know that the Chinese peasant used to make over 60 to 70 per cent. of his produce to the landlord and the State; after the elimination of landlords he merely pays a single consolidated agricultural tax ranging from 7 to 15 per cent. of his produce. Does that mean no material benefit to the individual peasant and does it have no effect on his purchasing power and standard of living? It is true that land reforms by themselves do not solve the problems of agricultural economy: they are a necessary first step to be followed by cheap agricultural credit, development of the co-operative movement, irrigation facilities, anti-drought measures, good storage arrangements, better seeds and manure.

Mr. Hutheesing correctly points out the technical and financial difficulties China faces in the task of reconstruction; but from that perfectly plausible premise he jumps to the conclusion that China is trying to grab the resources of her border countries to solve her problem. What China needs is technical and financial aid, which can come only from the U.S.S.R. or the United States and European countries; how will grabbing the resources of backward neighbours meet China's technical and financial needs?

Mr. Hutheesing's logic becomes even more curious when, not the least embarrassed by facts of history and chronology, he ascribes the stresses and strains through which Siam, Indo-China and Malaya are passing to the aggressive policies of New China. Obviously he regrets that Pandit Nehru has not rushed to the help of the British in Malaya, Bao Dai and the French in Indo-China, and Pibul Songgram in Siam. The trouble in Malaya started towards the close of 1947, and even the British authorities have repudiated the suggestion of Chinese intervention. In Indo-China too the full-scale war between the French and the Vietminh began in early 1947—when the Kuomintang was ruling the major parts of China and Mao Tse-tung's rule was confined to heavily encircled areas of North-east and North China. As Pandit Nehru recently told the All India Congress Committee at Agra, the war in Indo-China is basically a war for national independence.

China is naturally very deeply interested in her border countries and it would indeed be unfortunate if this interest takes an aggressive direction. Should that happen, India will have to sit up and take notice. But so far there is no evidence of any attempts by China to grab her neighbours.

Apart from juggling with production figures, for which one does not have to go to China, his personal observations in the article are largely confined to his remarks on the Huai River Project. I am constrained to point out that the delegation with which Mr. Hutheesing and I went up the Huai River in May 1952 did not visit the Lung Ho-chi Dam mentioned by Mr. Hutheesing; it visited the Jen Ho-chi Dam which had by then been completed. I wonder how many among the Indian delegation to China whom Mr. Hutheesing accompanied would accept the tendentious account he gives as true.

Both the enthusiasts and the detractors of New China have been making wild statements but all sober visitors have seen for themselves that while New China is no paradise, it has made good progress in the rehabilitation and reconstruction of the war-ravaged country.

VIDYA PRAKASH DUTT

New Delhi.

POLICY IN KENYA

SIR,—It is difficult to detect, as you appear to do, any real evidence of a "New Policy in Kenya" in the last week's report. Neither in the handling of the emergency (where a curious "amnesty" offering no promise of liberty is being widely advertised) nor in the social policies which have been debated is there any sign of novelty.

It is interesting to contrast the views of Mr. Blundell and his more extreme followers with the views of Sir Philip Mitchell, whose despatch of last November is one of the most enlightened official documents to come out of Africa. Sir Philip takes the plight of the Kikuyu seriously and while by no means calling for the departure of the Whites calls for a far-reaching development plan to raise the Kikuyu standard of life. He calls for an agrarian and industrial revolution involving capital investment on a fairly considerable scale. But what is most interesting and progressive is that the emphasis is not on development by White private enterprise, but by an effective partnership between the Africans and their Government.

The settlers' dream also involves the economic development of Kenya. But they wish to undertake the development themselves (as England's enclosers did) on the basis of cheap though unwilling and unproductive indigenous labour or on the basis of European refugee labour whose importation would effectively turn Kenya into a White man's country. Hence last week's demand for both the importation of 30,000 refugees and for the conscription of the Kikuyu for work of reconstruction. Work of reconstruction is defined by Mr. Blundell, but past experience shows (as in the last war) that once the principle of conscription is established, conscripted labour is applied to other uses. Last week's demands are exactly paralleled in the past by the Northey circulars, and other demands for forced labour, on the one hand, and suggestions of settling Italian squatter families on the other. The only new element in last week's demands was Mr. Blundell's request for the extermination of those Kikuyu who are "beyond the pale."

Expedience as well as justice dictates that the Colonial Office should back Sir Philip's and not the settlers' plan. It is incumbent upon those who advocate the continuance of the present cheap labour economy to show how "social unrest and disturbance are to be avoided" (Sir Philip Mitchell's words). But the success of any plan depends upon our regaining the confidence of the Kikuyu people in our intentions. Unfortunately recent developments have been in the opposite direction. The Dow Commission has only one African member (and he, an appointed chief). We have yet to recognise that political power for Africans needs to be extended proportionally to that of the Europeans. Mr. Griffiths wanted more African representatives, so he had to increase European representation also. Since the African representatives are not elected, it is not surprising that they are regarded as "stooges" by their people.

Where is the man of courage, who will see that so long as able men like Kenyatta or even Kimathi are excluded from effective political power they and their people will distrust our best-intentioned plan? The next steps in Kenya will follow the publication of the Dow report and the constitutional talks between social leaders. In the meanwhile it is to be hoped

OUT TODAY

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I. F. STONE

In the United States today McCarthys, and book-burners, appear to hold the stage. But 'un-American' observers forget the tradition of fearless radical journalism, the 'muck-rakers' who kept alive the principle of free thought and free expression. I. F. STONE belongs to this small, brave band of left-wing writers. He is already known here for his *Hidden History of the Korean War*.

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that the Labour Party will abandon the negative attitude towards Kenya which it has adopted since 1945 and prepare to face up to Kenya's challenge with a policy which is positive, Socialist and democratic.

JOHN REX

Leeds.

NATIONAL THEATRE

SIR,—I had hoped that the muddy waters which Mr. George Strauss had so recklessly stirred up were now clearing, but my friend and colleague Mr. Wolfit has managed to fish out of them the most enormous red herrings. "In the hearts of theatre-goers of this country," he writes, "there is, and has been for two centuries, one place, one building and one only acknowleged to be the National Theatre—the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane."

That is news to me and doubtless to countless others. Though not, except in its shell and front of house and here and there, anything like two centuries old, Drury Lane is certainly a fine old theatre and, as nineteenth-century theatres go, far finer than the other suggestion, the Old Vic. But for the National Theatre? No. Granville-Barker and Geoffrey Whitworth, to take two of the most prominent men who spent years of their lives trying to promote a true National Theatre, were not fools, and the obvious reason why they did not suggest the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane as the eminently suitable home for it was that it is eminently unsuitable for so many plays which should be in the modern and classical repertoire that it would be tedious even to begin to compile the list.

Rather than that, let me point out that though the house is excellent for musical plays, spectacles and large-scale melodramas, it is notable that with the single exception of *Cavalcade*—for which we have the author's word that he asked for the Coliseum, and that he wrote his play "according to blueprints"—no new play of any consequence has been seen at Drury Lane since it was last rebuilt. For a very good reason that whatever its acoustics, stage, storage and prestige may be, it is unsuitable for anything except such spectacles and that, however excellent these are, they have nothing whatever to do with a National Theatre.

MICHAEL REDGRAVE

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"FIRST READING"

SIR,—If one thing emerges from the *First Reading* controversy it is that the smart are the smart and the earnest are the earnest and that they will never agree: beyond green baize doors in a pub in a provincial university town stone steps descend slowly towards the dustbins where a commercial traveller awaits his barmaid. Upstairs the bars are emptying as the provincial university lecturer counts out thirteen halfpennies to pay for his weekly glass of cider. Quarter past ten. The last drunk is ejected, almost tendentiously. Outside in the lot a gang of juvenile delinquents crucify a belated probation officer. Wearily the P.U.L. pulls himself together. He has to teach the following day and the one following that and the one following that. The night cannot be wasted. He must concern himself professionally, from closing time till dawn breaks over the tyre dump, about the condition of literature. He refrains from rolling a cigarette and moves like a somnambulist through the green baize doors, down the stone steps, past the barmaid and her commercial traveller, past the dustbins, and stoops to enter the cellar beyond. It happens to be where he lives.

A mouse squeaks as he fumbles for a match to light his candle. It is the customary signal for the materialisation of those elements in the past which help him to vitalise the present.

After a short pause, in which he has time to fill his fountain pen, the terror, the agony, the nostalgia of the provincial past rise up and comfort his mediumistic soul. First Lawrence, smeared with woad, pads across the stage of his vision at the head of a column of Middle Western writers who slap their rifle butts in salute. Then George Eliot, dressed as Florence Nightingale, appears waving a standard inscribed "Provincialism is the core of the Provincial Tradition."

Before he has time to take down these words Bunyan and Hardy cross, deep in conversation, and after them the whole rout of the great provincials, acclaiming him with their silence. A novel's length behind follow Thoreau and Borrow, astride Incitatus and St. Mawr, cracking heavy stock-whips about a file of prisoners amongst whom are discernible Mr. Connolly, Sir Harold Nicolson and Mr. Lehmann.

Inspired, he sets to work and while his pen, under the command of his right hand, analyses the young lecturer's week-end with the professor, his tongue, at the mercy of the provincial university's tape-recording machine, diagnoses the shock that warped the character of the adolescent girl.

He works throughout the night, pausing only to dictate, at midnight, a solitary poem as a mild Therapeutic. Even at dawn he is not aware that the merit of what he writes will not be affected either by its heredity or by his environment.

Meanwhile in the Burmese bar of the smartest Turkish Bath in London several towelled figures, metropolitan even in their nudity, are discussing literature:

"The young should be encouraged, old man."

"Yes, dear. Pass me the olives, there's a darling, Desmond."

"What I mean to say is, and I realise that this is unpopular talk: one must be discriminating about it. Let's face it! There are only three ways of helping young writers. Number one is ignore 'em; number two, pounce on the bad stuff, *pour encourager les autres*, you know; and number three is show 'em why one's own and one's friends' stuff is good so they'll know what models to work on. One's first instinct, of course, is to stand by number one, but on the whole it's better to use a mixture of two and three and keep one's end up at the same time. Don't you think so?"

"Yes, dear. Desmond, do be careful with that vibro massage. Oh, that's much better. Yes, just a little bit lower down—oh delicious! Did you know, dear, that Desmond is a very promising young writer?"

MARTIN SHUTTLEWORTH

132 Cheyne Walk, S.W.

THE YARMUK SCHEME

SIR,—Your Correspondent refers to the hurdles which still have to be surmounted before the Yarmuk irrigation scheme for the Jordan Valley, to help settle refugees, can go on. I hope they will be overcome, but the way is by no means clear.

Meanwhile, the proper thing to do is to make a pilot scheme, irrigating up to, say, 10,000 acres, taking water direct from the Yarmuk. The advantages are:

(a) No political complications because the amount of water taken would be well within Jordan's rights on any conceivable basis of allocation.

(b) All the necessary survey data of all kinds are ready at hand.

(c) It would be a pathfinder for the many tricky problems (human, administrative and legal) of the resettlement of land and water rights in the Valley.

(d) It would get a cadre of Arab engineers and foremen and labour trained as a basis for the major scheme if it comes off.

Such a pilot scheme is the proper way to start the major scheme in any case, for the reasons I have given. That it has not been started is due partly to the fact that there are too many Western cooks stirring too many different bowls of broth; partly to the fact that too few of those concerned know how to launch a big project in a very small country with the human, political and economic conditions ruling in Jordan; and partly to the fallacious belief that the problem is a technical one and that therefore it will be solved if enough "experts" are put on it. To get something started—the essential pilot project—needs a couple of energetic practical engineers, some spades and pick-axes, and determination. If the authorities cannot pluck up enough determination to start a pilot project, I do not see how they will ever do the far more difficult major scheme.

M. G. IONIDES

Ockham Mill Lane, Ripley.

HELPING THE CHILDREN

SIR,—Your comment on the way in which the work of the United Nations Children's Fund is hampered by lack of money is most timely. It is probably not generally realised that the Fund is entirely dependent on *voluntary contributions* from governments, voluntary organisations or individuals; that it has, therefore, no accurately foreseeable or regular income. Yet in spite of this handicap the achievements of the Fund are solid and permanent. And surely no one will challenge the need for such work when more than half the world's children live—or die—in want. Poverty, hunger, disease and ignorance are their common lot. How shall we build a fine and peaceful world with this material?

For years we in the United Nations Association have striven to create a public opinion which could impress the Government of the day with the need for more generous support for this Fund and for the whole constructive work of U.N. We have tried also to tell something of the story of the work that is being done. Now we plan to express our support in a more practical way. Three Regional Councils of U.N.A.—the North West, the Midlands and the South East—are this month beginning an autumn campaign to raise money for the Children's Fund, and we shall most gratefully welcome any gifts for that Appeal from your readers. While normally one-fifth of what we are collecting is, at the suggestion of the Children's Fund, to be retained for our own U.N.A. work, we shall accept gladly donations entirely for the Children's Fund from any who prefer to give to that alone. Donations should be sent to me at the address below, and I will see that they are credited to the correct Region. I shall also be glad to give further information about this campaign to anyone who is interested.

May I in conclusion point out that this is *not* a work of philanthropy or charity? It is a modest but sincere attempt to help in giving justice to those who lack it, and to take part in creating the minimum conditions for a peaceful, sane and human world society.

DONALD TWEDDLE,
S.E. Regional Officer

United Nations Association,
13 Scillonian Road,
Guildford, Surrey.

Books in General

WHEN the old man who said, Hush! *perceived* a young bird in the bush, he was using the conventional manner of English speech which was attributed to ordinary people by novelists and reporters in the 19th century. In the 17th and 18th centuries the ordinary man would have "seen" a bird; by the Victorian age he was made to "perceive" or "observe," his "attention was directed to," he began to call somebody's house his "residence." I take these examples from Mr. James Sutherland's preface to a rich and diverting anthology: *The Oxford Book of English Talk*.* He is enlarging on the difficulty of finding out how people really talked in the past, and he is saying that in the 19th century the common people were being edited for the middle-class reader. A new terror existed: the fear of being "low." I have no doubt he is right, but the urge to gentility has always been strong in the courts. I have heard a witness refer to somebody who had his "own private bungalow." In our own time the truthful collector of spoken English has a double difficulty. A reporter may alter "I had a sluice" to "I had a wash," but nowadays the use of vivid idiom, English or American, runs neck and neck with official clichés picked up from the radio and the papers, and with stilted speech which can only be called the English of the age of committees and self-improvement. It would be wrong, even, to say that natural speech is bound to be unliterary. There was certainly a post-Wodehouse phase in some classes, and a post-Coward phase in others. Natural speech may become as fantastically stereotyped as the late Ernest Bevin's parliamentary speeches which had all the air of nature at war with language. The point is that any collector of good spoken English is bound to fall for the talk that has been improved by writing, and that we can therefore never be sure what talk at any time was.

All the same, we can learn a lot about the history of English talking from Mr. Sutherland's book, and at the same time we shall be entertained by the extraordinary variety of scene and character. He has taken a good deal from the courts, for some sort of shorthand was used as far back as Tudor times; something from novels—George Eliot's Mrs. Poyser gets in and there are pages from Thackeray and Trollope, who had excellent ears for speech. Thackeray had the quick, morbid modern ear, as *The Yellowplush Papers* show. The novelists and the playwrights may be suspect in their dialogue, for they have half an eye on the convention they are writing in, but they have the merit of knowing that talk and character are inseparable. One may doubt if any of Mrs. Poyser's sisters—if she had them—would have been as instructive in spoken English as she was. When the novelists have subjected their whole method to the guidance of dialogue, as a contemporary novelist like Mr. Henry Green has done, their evidence is excellent. How close he comes to George Sturt's verbatim report of the flat talk of country lovers. Another source is the memoir. Lady Hester Stanhope, Harriette Wilson the courtesan, and Canon Rawnsley's report of a Westmorland countryman on the habits of Wordsworth, are the plums.

The less convincing part of the book is the modern section. This is odd because we are said to be living in "the age of the spoken word." There is a script of John Hilton's on the art of giving a Talk which is a terrible betrayal of the hollowness of the popular Talk to the imaginary common man, and one sees how full of faking the age of the spoken word is: the flattery of people by using all their phrases. (Don't say: "Why do you keep a dog?" but say "What do you keep a dog for?"). Still Hilton's Talk does contain the full bus-load of common locution without the exhibitionism of passing slang (Mr. Sutherland is not a slang-collector.) The eye-witness reports of the war are direct but they are, again, Talks, not talking, and are really written up. The Parliamentary debate on Munich is good when Ellen Wilkinson is talking. She mentions the Bible, as if she were still at the high point of English argument in the 17th century; she is sharp and racy. Whether this illustrates English talk or the truculent, independent and fearless side of the very moral English character, I am not quite sure. It cannot be entirely a bent of Mr. Sutherland's, but a very great deal of his collection presents us as a continually quarrelling people: Charles the First, Lilburne, and a host of thieves on trial, a piece of the Bloody Assizes, rows in churchyards and the streets. Jonson's Bobadil ("I never misse thrust") blusters:

> Why, sir, you mistake me! If he were here now, by this welkin, I would not draw my weapon on him! Let this gentleman doe his mind; but I will bastinado him, by the bright sunne! Wherever I meet him.

Lord Coningsby addresses the corporation of Hereford in 1718:

> Mr. Mayor, your servant—Gentlemen yours G—d—e all. I will have you know, by G—d, I am your Lord Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of this county, and Lord High Steward of this city and G—D—E I'll do what I please with both you and your city.

A set of country and townspeople are jostling one another on a bench in the 17th century. This is good ancient-and-modern:

> How now, good man squitter-breech, why do you leane so on me?
>
> Because I will.
>
> Will you, sir sawce-box?
>
> Look if one have not struck Philip—Come, hither Philip, why did he strike thee?

It is all obduracy about heresy and religion, people accusing, denying, driving each other mad with their reprisals. Speech is half Bible oath, half homeliness. From Sir Thomas More:

> "Is not this house," quoth he, "as nigh heaven as my owne?"
>
> To whom shee, after hir accustomed homely fashion not liking such talke, awneswered, "Tylle valle, tylle valle!"
>
> "How say you, Mistris Alice," quoth he, "is itt not so?"
>
> "Bone deus, bone deus, man! Will this geare never be lefte?" quoth she.

One is not really at home in this book until the 18th century when something approaching our daily interests comes into the language. Swift, with his amazing ear for women's speech, Boswell, the greatest of all recorders of talk, show their wonderful ease. To construct natural talk, as John Hilton says later on, is not natural; it is an art, but it requires the 18th century's feeling for fidelity to human nature, which is very different from the Victorian interest in making people talk as they would hope to be heard talking for one social reason or another. Boswell's triumph, as we now know from his *London Journal*, was the result of training. He practised on the simple stuff of the chophouse—

> 1st citizen: Pray doctor, what became of that patient of yours? Was not her skull fractured?
>
> Physician: Yes, to pieces, but I got her cured.
>
> 2nd citizen: Good Lord!

before he tackled the hardest talk of all: the talk of the educated, where he succeeded as no novelist—except possibly Peacock—has ever done. Modern educated talk has been well caught by Mr. Sutherland in a happy discovery: the evidence given by Shaw, Chesterton and Archer before the Commission on stage censorship.

The astute reader will compare the similar persons of different periods. There is Mary Lee in the 18th century, a charwoman and market woman having "a dish of chat" over "two or three quarterns of such simple stuff as we poor souls are glad to drink." Alackaday, if they weren't, they "would never go through stitch" with their lives, for they don't spare their "carcases." Compare her with a coster girl of 1851 and note how that key English attitude, "I don't think it's right," comes in:

> It seems to me that gals is fools to be 'ticed away, but in coorse they needn't go without they likes. . . . The first step to ruin is them places of "penny gaffs" . . . the lads is very insinivating and after leaving them places will give a gal a drop of beer, and make her half tipsy, and then they makes their arrangements.

Thomas Holcroft's *Road to Ruin* (1792) suggests that Dickens's Mr. Jingle had predecessors:

> Bye-road—back of Islington—came to a short turn and a narrow lane—up flew a damned dancing master's umbrella—bounce!—off they went—road-repairing—wheelbarrow in the way—crash!—out flew I—whiz—fire flashed—lay stunned—got up—looked foolish, etc.

It is a Cockney manner, the art of which is to say all that in a rapid monotone, without dramatic effect. Another predecessor is the *Dolly Dialogues*, announcing Noel Coward. One has the pleasure of meeting "Don't You Know?" before Henry James turned it into the heraldic motto of Edwardian civilisation.

There is one prize passage in this anthology which has got in despite Mr. Sutherland's refusal of dialect: the Westmorland farmer's account of Wordsworth.

> Wordsworth . . . he was not a man as folks could crack wi', nor not a man as could crack with folks. . . . He was a lonely man, fond o' goin' out wi' his family, and savin' nowt to noan of them. When a man goes in a family way he keeps togither wi' 'em and chats a bit wi' 'em, but many's a time I've seed him a takin' his family out in a string, and never bein' the dearest bit of notice of 'em, standin' by hissel' and stoppin' behind agapin', wi' his jaws workin' the whoal time; but never no crackin' wi' 'em, nor no pleasure in 'em—a desolate minded man.

Few modern townsmen of the age of the centralised spoken word could equal that. The

* *The Oxford Book of English Talk*. Edited by JAMES SUTHERLAND. *Oxford University Press*. 18s.

airman baling out has new technical words, but has lost the words of pithy insight. I imagine that Mr. Sutherland's book indicates that the cult of natural talk, which is part of our revolution, and which has changed our poetry, novels and plays, and even the translations of the classics, is now respectable and almost academic. The cult can be said to have produced three distinctive novelists—George Orwell, whose narrative and pamphleteering was influenced by it, Henry Green, who has made his novels inhabit their dialogue, and Miss Compton-Burnett, whose dialogue I take to be literal reporting of upper-class conversation with its ingenious passion for dragging in more and more dead horses to be flogged. But when we consider Mr. Sutherland's contemporary pages we begin to wonder if "what people really say" has nowadays any matter to recommend it. Natural talk can be recorded now. In two or three hundred years people will hear how we talked, off the tape, whereas we cannot really know the same about the past. Having achieved our wonder, having returned to nature in proper revolutionary fashion, perhaps it is time for the writers and talkers of the Spoken Word Corporation, to start being unnatural, elaborate, eloquent and rhetorical once more.

V. S. PRITCHETT

A BAIRN SICK

O wae the wind weaves wae
Its wearie wey it wanders throu the autumn nicht
Frae far, thort continents and seas its traivellin
Laden wi a generation's greit.

– (The 3rd Plenarie Convene o UNO
Has skaillit for the autumn recess)

Greitan Aie ! Aie !
It greits i the winnock's peerie neuks
Throu the thin streets, the cauld treen
Like a wraith seekan rest. Sleep and rest.
And sleep.

(The 4th Plenarie Convene for Control
O' the Atom Boomb has been postponit
Due til an epidemic, amang the delegates,
O' thrush)

But rest there's nane . . .
Na will be or my wean
Is grown til womanheid
And then . . . ?

Sleep, sleep, my seick Katrine
Your mither's newlie opened bud
Her flouer and her fruct.
Sleep, my lassie. Sleep.
Until she's grown til woman.—Till . . .

(The 5th Plenarie Convene o God-kens-what
Has nou been summoned or dissolvit
Or succedit or forgot)

—I canna keep up wi the news thae days.

Like a wraith the wae wind owre the sleepan toun
Its coronach o gray October croons
Wearie wearie weavan its wearie wey
Until at length
It croodles doun til sleep at last
By the white bedside o my ailan wean.

(The 6th etc., etc., etc.)

Wae the wind wae it maens
Lulloo . . . Lullay . . .
We canna sleep.

SYDNEY GOODSIR SMITH

NOTES

wae : mournful. *greit* : weeping. *skaillit* : dispersed. *winnock* : window. *peerie* : very small. *treen* : trees. *or* : until. *fruct* : fruit. *coronach* : lament. *croodle* : huddle, cower.

GUILTY MEN ?

Generals in Grey Suits. By JOSIAH E. DUBOIS, JR. *Bodley Head.* 16*s*.

In the spring of 1948 an American court sat in judgment on twenty-three directors of the great German combine I.G. Farbenindustrie, who stood before them on charges of employing slave-labour, plundering, and waging aggressive war. All the defendants were absolved on the aggressive-war charge, and ten were acquitted entirely. The chief prosecutor, as he strode from the court, muttered "I shall write a book about this, if it's the last thing I do."

President Roosevelt, apparently, said that the evidence on the activities of I.G. Farben read like a detective story. Perhaps that is why Mr. Dubois chose to write his book in the style of Raymond Chandler. "A rubble heap in the Unter den Linden . . . a Baron suddenly frightened by God knows what . . . Where did we go from here ?" There is a blonde helping the detectives, and when the trial opened : "Tears were rolling down her face." Such an episodic and vulgarly dramatic treatment is not the best way of making the complex story clear ; and the persistent insinuations against the intelligence if not the integrity of the judges will come as a shock to readers accustomed only to British legal etiquette. But Mr. Dubois is presenting his case to the final court of appeal—world opinion—and though we may dislike his style of advocacy his case must be considered on its merits.

Was I.G. Farben guilty of preparing an aggressive war ? Mr. Dubois has no doubts on the subject. The combine, he declares, was "the Machiavellian planner for all the institutions in the world that had allied themselves with military aggression." The Raymond Chandler language cloaks an E. Phillips-Oppenheim plot : twenty-four conspirators, under pretence of peaceful scientific and industrial expansion, were manipulating politics and markets with diabolical skill to secure to themselves world power. But it was not so easy to formulate a precise accusation which would hold water in a court of law. It was necessary, the prosecution admitted, "to establish substantial responsibility for activities which were vital to building up the power of a country to wage war," and to prove "that the defendants knew that such military power would be used to carry out a national policy of aggrandisement to deprive the peoples of other countries of their land, property or freedom." But where is the line to be drawn between building up the legitimate power of a country and building up its power to wage war ? At one stage, while preparing the case, Mr. Dubois was forced to admit that : "Not only are the facts insufficient, but we still haven't found any theory that will tie everything together." The problem was :

> How can we spell this thing out so that it is perfectly clear from the record that Standard Oil and Duponts are not guilty of any crime merely because they participate in rearming the United States for defence ?

Mr. Dubois failed to make the charge stick in court, and here he does no better ; not because, as he makes out, the judges were stupid and biased, but because to "see" the economic development of Nazi Germany in terms of Oppenheim conspiracy is an absurd misconception. There was nothing exceptional about Farben among German industries, except its giant scope. Like the rest, it welcomed the National Socialist guarantee of "order" and full employment ; the soaring dividends produced under the two Four-Year Plans encouraged it to accept with enthusiasm the close integration of its production plan with the needs of the State. If those needs were determined by an ideal, not merely of autarky, but of transcendent military efficiency, there was nothing alien in that even to the Liberal tradition in Germany.

The achievements of Farben under Hitler were gigantic : in two and a half years they halved German textile imports, discovered how to make aluminium from native clay instead of imported bauxite and increased production sixfold ; they vastly developed the production of fats, fertilisers, detergents, magnesium and plastics. In 1938 they doubled their output of steel and buna rubber, tripled that of aviation spirit. By 1939 they were providing Germany with 90 per cent. of her foreign exchange and 85 per cent. of her domestic industrial production under the second Four-Year Plan. Without Farben the war would have been impossible : so much one can say with certainty. But to go on from there to maintain that Farben planned aggressive war is to enter the realm of, at best, probabilities. Does *Wehrwirtschaft*, "preparedness economy," the conception which dominated German economic thought, necessarily imply aggressive war ? If so, what is the responsibility of each active member of the community for the war when it breaks out ? Is the responsibility of the director of a large firm greater than that of the director of a small firm ? Or of a civil servant ? Or of a trade union leader ? Was the crime of the Farben directors different in kind from that of every other German who accepted the material benefits of the regime and turned a blind eye to its iniquities ?

These were the real questions at issue in the trial ; but the prosecution concentrated on the melodrama of conspiracy instead of the drama of sin—the sins of omission which spring from cowardice and greed. As the enormity of the national crime grew, so each member of the nation buried himself more deeply in his own speciality, drew the dividends but disclaimed responsibility. Farben invested 160 million Reichmarks in the Leuna buna rubber works at Auschwitz, which employed labour from the concentration camp, and even the S.S. protested at the brutality with which the workers were treated. Out of the 300,000 workers who passed through the works, 200,000 died as a direct result of their ill-treatment there. Who was responsible ? Not the Farben directors, of course : not the industrialists, hypnotised by the vast benefits which their combine would bring to humanity ; not the scientists like the Nobel Prize winner Hoerlein, who never inquired into the details of the experiments which provided him with his data ; not the chemical engineers like Dr. Ambros, whose apologia can stand for them all. "I was not a politician," he declared, "And that is the nice thing about the chemical profession. It takes up all our interest."

So, with the profoundest conviction, now says every German ; and I wish we could be certain that the members of every other nation—our own included—would not under similar circumstances say the same. Mr. Dubois was beaten, not by the cunning of the defendants or the stupidity of the judges, but by the greatest ethical problem of our time.

MICHAEL HOWARD

TRANSLATION ABSOLUTE

The Translations of Ezra Pound. With an Introduction by HUGH KENNER. *Faber.* 30*s*.

The Pound bibliography is enough of a muddle already. The policy lately followed by his publishers, of reprinting in ill-assembled volumes, one overlapping with the next, seems likely to breed more confusion than ever, and looks sometimes suspiciously like catchpenny book-making. This volume, for instance, which does not live up to the pretensions of its title (for the Confucian translations aren't here) reprints *Cathay* and *The Seafarer*, both already available in *Personae* (that very title a muddle in itself), which appeared only a couple of years ago. And the other things in it, the translations from Cavalcanti and Arnaut Daniel, the translations of the Noh plays with Fenollosa's fragmentary notes, and a singularly pointless assembly of odds and ends from Rémy de Gourmont, are re-issued with no more in the way of informative commentary than Pound's original cryptic footnotes and excited brief introductions. Pound badly needs the services of an intelligent and

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learned editor, who would at least, for instance, have given, along with the Cavalcanti translations, some of Pound's critical and explanatory prose on the subject. As it is, even the bibliographical information is scanty and vague. If Pound deserved to be reprinted, surely he was worth something in the nature of a definitive "Complete Works," in a series of planned volumes.

Pound is the absolutist of our poetry. It is what makes him, in attitude if not in technique, so much nearer to Yeats than to Eliot:

> As for the verse itself: I believe in an ultimate and absolute rhythm as I believe in an absolute symbol or metaphor. The perception of the intellect is given in the word, that of the emotions in the cadence.

What an astounding act of faith—that there is one right rhythm, and only one, for each shade of feeling. Who can concur in it? I know I cannot. But Pound is nothing if not consistent. And so, when he translates Cavalcanti, he aspires to give an *absolute* translation—not, of course, in the sense that it is to reproduce in English all the effects of the original, but in the sense that it is to be Cavalcanti in English for good and all, not just for this generation or the next few. Hence the archaic diction, sometimes with olde-Englysshe spelling. This looks like pastiche, but it isn't meant for that. Pound believes that English came nearest to accommodating the sort of effects Cavalcanti gets in Italian, in one specific period, late-Chaucerian or early-Tudor; and so his translations read like the lost poems of some unknown English master flourishing in between Gower and Wyatt. Even as pastiche, the achievement is prodigious. One can think of no one else who could have dyed the period-colour right into the metre, catching the distinctive hesitation, oddly touching sometimes, of a verse-movement hovering between the accentual rhythms of a not wholly discarded medieval past, and the not quite assimilated syllabic measures of the iambic future.

But the trouble is that, after reading these translations, I still ask out of my ignorance if Cavalcanti is worth all the claims Pound has made for him, and all the time he has given him. I remember enough of the essay on Cavalcanti not to take the famous Canzone just at its face-value; and, to be fair, the translation even without the commentary would make it impossible to do so. But these thirty-five sonnets—for all the hints thrown out about the subtlety of Cavalcanti's psychology, and the corresponding precision of his vocabulary—they still give the impression of not a Wyatt but a Surrey, the graceful virtuoso of a painfully limited and ultimately trivial convention. And in default of a far more exhaustive commentary than anything given here, the translations themselves enforce this reading. Pound achieves startling felicities, but hardly of the sort he has led us to expect:

> Nay, in this world there is no creature seen
> So fashioned fair and full of all delight;
> Fearers of love who fearing meet thy mien,
> Thereby assured, do solve them of their fright.

This is delectable; but its luscious euphony (those alliterative "f"s) is surely the sort of thing that Pound the critic has connected with what is for him the overblown Petrarchan decadence. So too:

> Wise and adorned, alert and subtle even,
> And fashioned out in ways of gentlenesse.

The choiceness of those epithets delights at once; but unless or until we can know more precisely just what force to give in this private vocabulary, to "adorned," for instance, and to "subtle," this choiceness may still be illusory, a feature of the beautifully polished surface on which we can get no grip. Once or twice, however, there occurs the completely memorable achievement, such as Sonnet XVIII, of which this is the sestet:

> Effective 'gainst all these think ye the fairness
> And valour of my Lady's lordly daring?
> Yea, she makes all seem base vain gathering,
> And she were known above whome'er you'd bring
> As much as heaven is past earth's comparing;
> Good seeketh out its like with some address.

That last line, coming where it does, may or may not be Cavalcanti; it is certainly Pound at his best.

The other things, if we except *Cathay* and *The Seafarer*, which should by this time be properly esteemed, are less important. The best of the Noh plays—*Tsunemasa*, for instance, or *Nishikigi*—are haunting; but the language in them is too much a mere libretto, too subsidiary in the total effect, to engage the translator wholly. And as Hugh Kenner remarks, the versions from Provençal, with their "strictly pedagogic aim" (valuable as that is), are as wide of true translation on the one side as the *Homage to Sextus Propertius* is on the other.

But behind them all, what a life of dedicated patience! What devotion! Whatever the value ultimately given to these translations, they speak of such self-denying discipline that it must surely be impossible in future for anyone to regard Pound's more experimental writing as perverse exhibitionism. But, of course, the literary Blimps won't even look at this book.

DONALD DAVIE

SIR HANS SLOANE

Sir Hans Sloane and the British Museum. By G. R. DE BEER. *Oxford.* 18*s.*

This is the bicentenary year of the death of Sir Hans Sloane, who has a better claim than anybody else to be called the founder of the British Museum. There has been, till now, no biography of Sloane other than articles in biographical dictionaries and such-like summaries; and the Director of the British Museum (Natural History) has made it his business to provide one as an act of homage and celebration. Biographies written from such motives and on such occasions are not necessarily the best kind of biographies; a tendency towards elevated style and didactic conclusions are hard to avoid. Dr. de Beer has avoided them entirely. Without attempting a major study, he has set in order a great deal of scattered material and produced an almost dispassionate and entirely readable account of his subject. Sloane is not presented to us as a particularly great man, nor even as representative of some great idea. After closing the book one has the feeling of having been introduced to a person of ability, of distinguished intellect and high principles who by a shrewd balance of gainful occupation with private intellectual indulgence made a nicely decorated niche for himself in his own age and earned (not involuntarily) a pedestal from posterity. Collectors are usually supposed to be—often are—a little odd. In nothing that Dr. de Beer has discovered about Sir Hans is there the least trace of oddity.

Of Scottish descent, Sloane was born at Killyleagh, in Northern Ireland. As a boy he was attracted by "the gardens and cabinets of the curious in those parts," so the collecting tendency was early contracted. He entered intellectual life in London at a time when the Royal Society was still being conducted by the men who had seen its beginnings. At twenty-three he went abroad and took a medical degree at the not particularly renowned University of Orange. Returning to London, adventure offered itself in an invitation to go to Jamaica as physician to the Duke of Albemarle, "which, if I do, next to the serving of his grace and family in my profession, my business is to see what I can meet withal that is extraordinary in nature in those places." He met with plenty; and the material he brought back became not only the subject-matter of his *Natural History of Jamaica* but the nucleus of his future collection. Thereafter, the career of this able, common-sensible Whig moves from success to success in his dual role of Court physician (hence the baronetcy and a more or less princely income) and of collector and purchaser of other people's collections. Specially interesting is the chapter in which Dr. de Beer has assembled eye-witness evidence of Sloane's hoard while it was still at No. 3 Bloomsbury Place or, later, at Chelsea. As with other collections of the period, the pattern radiates from a universally oriented curiosity. There is a "petrified elm from under the beer cellar at Badminton," and there are Dürer drawings; there are Etruscan bronzes as well as the huge quantities of dried plants which today fill 337 large folio volumes at South Kensington. But Sloane's museum was no *Wunder-kammer*; its tone was strictly (in the seventeenth-century sense) philosophical.

Sloane lived into his ninety-third year. In his will his trustees were directed to offer the collection, "tending many ways to the manifestation of the Glory of God, the confutation of Atheism and its consequences . . . and benefit of mankind," to the King, for the nation, at the price of £20,000. With surprisingly little fuss Parliament bought it, the same Act providing for the purchase of the Harleian MSS and for "one general Repository" for the Sloane, Harleian and Cottonian collections. Thus, on June 7, 1753, the British Museum was born and the name of Sloane rendered immortal.

JOHN SUMMERSON

NEW NOVELS

Private Life of an Indian Prince. By MULK RAJ ANAND. *Hutchinson.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Ratoons. By DAPHNE ROOKE. *Gollancz.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

A Law for the Lion. By LOUIS AUCHINCLOSS. *Gollancz.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Story of Esther Costello. By NICHOLAS MONSARRAT. *Cassell.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The best Indian novelists writing in English known to me are R. K. Narayan and Mulk Raj Anand. They could scarcely differ more. Mr. Narayan writes from a full acceptance of the world about him, the small world of his city of Malgudi. Politics, in anything more than a parish-pump sense, find no place there; his province is the pathos and humour of everyday life, and his attitude to his characters, though detached, is affectionate. He is essentially the appreciator of the human scene; he relishes its absurdities and understands its sorrows. Dr. Anand is not an appreciator but an expositor, which is not the same as a propagandist. He is in the widest sense a political novelist; he sees his characters and their actions in relation to India and also in relation to the world outside India. This is one of the chief sources of his strength, as is very plainly shown in his new novel *Private Life of an Indian Prince*, a most impressive work and his finest novel for many years. In it he relates the life of "Vicky"—Lt.-Gen. His Highness Farzand-i-Khas-i-Daulata-i-Inglishia Mansur-i-Zaman. Maharajadhiraj Sri 108, Sir Victor Edward George, Ashok Kumar Bahadur, K.C.S.I., K.C.I.E., D.L. (Benares), Maharaja of Sham Pur. Vicky is a variant of a familiar type in modern fiction, of which perhaps F. M. Ford's Tietjens is the archetype, the man in the impossible situation. He has refused to allow his state to accede to the Indian Union, the local Congress Party is rioting in his city, his uncles have risen against him, and the Communists are waging guerilla warfare in the jungle; at the same time, his emotional life is equally chaotic, he has banished his wife and is besotted with a dancing-girl who is a nymphomaniac and betrays him on all sides. The forces of the Indian Union occupy Sham Pur and he is compelled to "take a holiday" in England, a holiday from which he is summarily ordered to return because he has been involved in a murder—part political, part one of jealousy—in his state. In the aeroplane he collapses into insanity, and his destination becomes not Sham Pur but a Poona mental hospital.

Now Vicky is shown throughout as a highly neurotic personality, a neurotic admittedly of great personal charm and much intelligence. But if this were all, he would not be worth Dr. Anand's attention. When we read of his mental collapse, however, we realise that what is represented is not just a personal breakdown but the

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(Presidential Address to the British Association)

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Here are the First Books

October : WHAT NOBODY TOLD THE FOREMAN

by Max Cohen (Author of " I was one of the Unemployed ") Shrewd, humourous and deeply revealing narrative of workshop life by a woodworker and trade unionist.

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collapse of a whole princely order: Vicky is the man he is because his status as maharaja has no real function in modern India. History has robbed him of reality and validity: that is his impossible situation. And thus related to history, he transcends his case and achieves dignity as a tragic figure.

Dr. Anand tells his story with great skill, through the mouth of Dr. Shankar, Vicky's personal physician and therefore the man with the all-seeing eye. But Shankar is much more than a mouthpiece for the author, though his comment and analysis doubtless chime with the author's. He has a life of his own, is intimately involved in Vicky's tragedy, and is faced in the end with the knowledge that, on a much smaller scale, Vicky's problem of adjustment to the new India is his too. Dr. Anand's book is a striking picture of one aspect of India today; the canvas is large and filled with characters excellently rendered in a sharp, sardonic manner. As a novel, *Private Life of an Indian Prince* has great merit; and as a document it is a book no one interested in modern India will wish to miss.

To judge from the quotations from reviews on the dust-jackets, it seems that Miss Rooke's and Mr. Auchincloss's earlier novels have been thought highly of, so highly indeed that my own expectations of them were perhaps pitched too steeply in consequence. Both writers have talent, but neither, it seems to me, in these novels makes a very satisfactory use of it. "Enough passion in it for half a dozen ordinary novels," announces the bold blurb-writer of *Ratoons*: the passion boils down to occasional acts of brutality flatly reported. The novel recounts fifty years in the life of a farming family and locality on the coast of Natal. The colour-problem rears its ugly head; but the offending colour is brown, not black, its possessors Indians, who arouse the antagonism of white and Negro alike. Here the book's real interest seems to me to lie, in the incidental account of the infiltration of the Indians in South Africa. But this is not the centre of the novel, which, as a novel, I found unsatisfactory because of the absence of any point of view, any implied set of values by which the events narrated might be judged.

Mr. Auchincloss is a witty writer; a sample of his wit:

> There was something rather alarming, but at the same time not unlovable in the quality of his honesty. It was as if George could not tell anything but the truth because he lacked the imagination to understand what it was in others that made them palliate it.

George, the high-class, stuffed-shirt New York lawyer, is the blundering villain of the piece, who drags his wife Eloise through the divorce court out of sheer lack of imaginative understanding. Mr. Auchincloss creates characters very deftly and illuminates them with wit, but, having invented them, he does not seem quite to know what to do with them, and unfortunately his heroine Eloise is the least successful of them. She is presented as a woman bent on finding out the truth about herself: she appears almost as a case of arrested development.

Mr. Monsarrat's novel in my view is a pointless and ugly piece of work. The heroine, a blind, dumb and deaf child, discovered in a foetid Irish rural slum by an American woman, grows into a beauty and is exploited by being put on public exhibition in the United States in aid of entirely bogus charities. She recovers her memory, sight, speech and hearing on being raped by her rescuer's husband. Everything—or almost everything—is done to restore her to her blindness, muteness and deafness, and in her innocence she lends herself to a continuance of the racket; until the young reporter who loves her is on the point of making public the imposture; whereupon she is murdered. Doubtless what Mr. Monsarrat relates could occur, since in this world anything can happen at any time anywhere. But that does not justify a novel, and *The Story of Esther Costello*, whatever its author's intention, doesn't amount to more than a bit of dingy sensationalism.

WALTER ALLEN

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LEMURS AND OLD LAGS

The Overloaded Ark. By GERALD DURRELL. *Faber.* 15*s.*

A Wanderer in the Wind. By CECIL S. WEBB. *Hutchinson.* 21*s.*

The Fon and His Hundred Wives. By REBECCA REYHER. *Gollancz.* 16*s.*

Journey Without Return. By RAYMOND MAUFRAIS. *Kimber.* 15*s.*

Penelope in Moscow. By PENELOPE SASSOON. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Australian Passport. By COLIN WILLS. *Dobson.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Conquest of Devil's Island. By CHARLES PÉAN. *Parrish.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Furry friends and scaly denizens; polygamy in decrepitude; masochism in Guiana; shopping in the U.S.S.R.; adolescence in Australia; convicts in Cayenne: this is the kind of mixed bag of travelogues and peripatetics to which publishers accustomed us in the plangent blue autumns of the Thirties. Its reappearance signifies, perhaps, another brief lull between catastrophes. . . .

Furry friends first. *The Overloaded Ark* is a young man's account of a specimen-collecting tour in the British Cameroons in 1948, for various zoos. It is a delightful book. Mr. Durrell has a lot of natural, unsugared charm, a pervasive, mercifully unobstreperous personality. He writes artlessly but vividly: you can feel his bush-shirt sticking to his back. He is very good at minutiae. Bagging a monitor; smoking out a Pangolin (Scaly Anteater); celebrating the capture of the rare Angwantibo (a small lemur); bird-liming for Giant Kingfishers on the warm, milky waters of Lake Soden: he communicates every detail of his experiences with just the right degree of zest. He also runs an amusing line of phonetic pidgin English patter from his native helpers ("Arrr!" roared Elias—bitten in the groin by a Pouched Rat that had rushed up his loincloth—"'E done chop me, sah . . . aehh! na bad beef dis ting") and draws, mostly by implication, a neat character sketch of his English companion, John, the placid bird-hunter. Mr. Durrell is a devoted animalian as well as a trained zoologist; his descriptions of individual beasts reveal tender appreciation. The care with which he looks after his captives in camp and on the voyage home, rising at six to clean out cages when his head is spinning with malaria, is truly touching. No doubt he is aware of the Fifth Columnist aspect of his activities. An outstanding personality in his gallery is Cholmondeley, the Chimpanzee. Mr. Durrell reveals the atrocious fact that this exceptionally gifted and pleasing ape was later basely executed by the London Zoo authorities after escaping twice. He only had one bite, and that not severe, at a woman passenger in a bus in Albany Street which he boarded; and who knows but that she may have assaulted him first.

Cholmondeley also features in *A Wanderer in the Wind*, when Mr. Webb, another, and veteran zoo-collector, brought him home. Mr. Webb, now Superintendent at the excellent and relatively peaceful Dublin Zoo, was Curator of Birds and Mammals in London until he resigned during one of those strange psychological storms to which "the Gardens" are so distressingly subject. He has made collecting trips in all tropical parts of the globe, caught everything from humming birds to elephants. During the war he was interned with licence to be at large in the hinterland of Madagascar, on which he is an expert authority. His book may not have the vivid intimacy of Mr. Durrell's, but it is extremely interesting, and readably written in straightforward Blackwoodish style. It has many excellent photographs.

The polygamous Fon rules over a scruffy patch of territory on the slopes of the British Cameroons. Now over one hundred, according to his own testimony, but believed to be in fact about eighty, his potency is not what it was, and his domestic affairs are in a state of chaos. When Mrs. Reyher arrived, fifty-four of his wives, who once numbered well over a hundred, had run away, but had to live alone as the fathers of their children dared not acknowledge them. Mrs. Reyher is an indefatigable American journalist. She burst her way through the curtain of tacit approval with which the local British authorities surrounded the Fon's affairs, after these had become front page news in the U.S.A., following a visit from a Commission of the U.N.O. Trusteeship Council. She refused a proposal from the Fon himself, interviewed, with the concentrated fervour of a Dr. Kinsey, wives—harem-favourites and worker-wives—and ex-wives, took down copious life-histories. Her reformist zeal and her disapproval of British colonial policy is very apparent, her writing lively if not very graceful. *The Fon and His Hundred Wives* is a commendable blend of reportage and field work.

Journey Without Return is a diary, found after his death, of a young Frenchman who disappeared in 1950 somewhere on the borders of Guiana and Brazil. He was trying to reach the Tumuc Humac Mountains, one of the candidates for the site of El Dorado. The book is pathetic, depressing, hysterical, and rather vivid. If ever an explorer was doomed before he set out, it was this unfortunate twenty-three-year-old psychopath who himself regarded his exploit as an "experiment in purity and humility." He was too poor to fit out a proper expedition: as soon as he set out alone into the bush the agony begins:

> My feet are cut open, swollen and running with pus. My legs are covered with ulcers which open whenever I brush against a tree. It hurts like hell. . . . It's cold and sad. I smoke non-stop. . . . Got dysentery again. . . .

He eats tortoises and lizards; then, when food runs right out, slays his fox terrier, Bobby.

Desperately he tries to keep his courage up: "The Scouts called me Otter. Well this will be the first time an Otter has swum down a river in Guiana." And down it all goes in his diary. The result, whether the case history of a death-wish or the epic of a boy scout, is certainly a curiosity.

The author of *Penelope in Moscow* is the wife of a French agency correspondent whom she accompanied to the U.S.S.R. from April 1949 until January 1951. Hers is a rather disappointing little book about everyday life: quite interesting, quite lively, quite intelligent, but it does not tell you quite enough. Whether this is due to the author's laziness, or to the sheer impossibility of getting close enough to the subject, one does not know. General impressions coincide with those of other objective accounts during this period: masses to eat, lots of amiable drunks, much ideological regimentation. Visits to Odessa and Tiflis do not reveal very much; Penelope's attempts to make contact with the natives never get far; only on her last night in Leningrad does she meet one of the sophisticated film set.

Australian Passport is a short preliminary exercise in dust-shaking. It consists of personal impressions. Childhood, spent agreeably by the sea near Sydney, gives you a strong sense of that bewildering mixture: the Pacific Oceanic feeling plus suburbia. There is some outriding in the bush, then journalism, first in Sydney, later in the dank grey London-like winters of Melbourne. Most of the salient horrors of Australian life are touched upon: provincialism, political crookedness, slavish imitation of America.

The French Salvation Army, of whose existence you may not be aware, though it was rumoured that Gide was about to enlist in it, sent Col. Péan to Guiana in 1928 to live and work among the convicts and report on their expedition. In the end he succeeded in getting the penal settlement closed down as a dead loss from every point of view. Among the many abuses which he helped to set right during his visits was the monstrous condition of the *libérés* who had served their sentences and been released to starve. His account, *The Conquest of Devil's Island*, is drily factual with hints at some very nasty horrors.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

LE ROY SOLEIL

The Mamba's Precipice. By ROY CAMPBELL. *Muller.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

It's a good many years since, in *Broken Record*, Mr. Roy Campbell let fly from a fluorescent memory: South Africa, Provence, England—the sardine shoal, the bulls, and the asses (literary): he was never one to sit tight or draw it mild. *The Mamba's Precipice* goes back to South Africa and boyhood—and the sardines again. Here is signalled their arrival:

> The sun had lit up some low-hanging clouds over the horizon with violet, orange and crimson; and against them, shimmering and showering like clouds of midges, black against the dawn, were flying myriads and myriads of gannets, with a sprinkling of albatrosses and molly-hawks. As far as the eye could see, for leagues and leagues to the north and south, they appeared like dark patches of smoke in the far distance; nearer they were like swarms of mosquitos; nearer still they looked like swarms of locusts; but in the foreground you could see they were showers of great big birds and they were falling, as a cascade falls sheer from its cliff, and striking the water with millions of powdery plumes of spray. It was like a Victoria Falls in which every drop of water was a bird the size of a goose. Not only were they falling downwards but, more slowly, they were rising upwards again just as the spray rises up from the Victoria Falls and climbs high above the cliff from which it has fallen.
>
> How the rising birds and the falling birds manage to avoid collision is a mystery. The height from which the gannets dived was a uniform height of almost a hundred and fifty feet. Each time they struck the water it was to catch and swallow a fish . . .

After the gannets come whizzing devil-fish, sharks, sperm-whales, barracudas, all lured by the great, deep purple clouds of sardines—and, of course, every fisherman within miles. This is one of Mr. Campbell's most thrilling chapters, filled with the dazzle and glut that are especially his: it—even more than the adventures of the boy who romps, shoots, rides, fishes, and tracks through everything—intoxicates. Snakes disgorge live toads, cattle are dipped, pythons embrangle, the honey-guide calls followers to a wild-bees' nest, spring tides thunder over the lagoon, leopards and ghosts are hunted, and all in a summer holiday.

This is a story of a family and its beach house, and chiefly of a fifteen-year boy, valiant even by Campbell lights. Under the sub-tropical sun and moon there's nothing he won't tackle: rough-riding on a motor-bike over ant-towers, after a couple of hours' tuition, is one of his minor accomplishments. And, of course, sugar-cane fires travel with the speed of an express, flowers "literally fusillade" their colours, and snakes volley through grass fast as tennis balls. One doesn't need to be a boy to find such action stimulating. Just enough plot and just enough character, the adventures of landscape, the hunting and making and doing: these more than win the trick with *The Mamba's Precipice*. Our only disappointment may be with that legendary reptile's end, which cannot but dazzle less than the sardines.

G. W. STONIER

JOURNAL OF A P.O.W.

Captive in Korea. By PHILIP DEANE. *Hamish Hamilton.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

As the record of a remarkable experience, *Captive in Korea* has almost everything. It is extremely exciting; it is new; and it is written with an intelligence that excludes all self-pity.

After only thirteen days in Korea as the *Observer's* correspondent, Philip Deane was twice wounded and left behind with an American rearguard section. This was in July 1950. He was repatriated through Russia in April 1953. "Say," said one of the G.I.'s to him, "couldn't you find an easier way of turning a buck, or do you enjoy this kind of smell?" He did not enjoy it. There were periods of appalling suffering and privation. The hopes of Deane and his friends were constantly disappointed by false dawns of liberation. But as the son of a Greek General, who had already fought through one war in the British Navy, he knew how to bind together the thin threads of will-power and ingenuity on which his survival depended. As a journalist he saw in this experience an opportunity which he has not wasted. As a student of politics his understanding has deepened. No reader of this book could fail to like Philip Deane. There is a modesty, toughness and humour in him which blend into a character of gay resolve.

He has adopted the journalistic style, derived from Hemingway and Pyle, of brutal, slightly melancholic, understatement ("The two boys on the lower berth both have abdominal wounds. . . . 'Water!' 'Water!' But you don't give water to someone with a hole in his belly"). If it is not overdone, as it is not here, and when it is combined with a ruthless combing-out of bathos and repetitive incident—the whole year 1952 is dismissed in half a paragraph—this method is extraordinarily effective. So is Deane's description of his own hardships. We are told of four tommy-gun bullets smacking into his thigh. Many pages further on, after a week's forced march, bare-foot and bound, over Korean mountains, we hear of a Viennese doctor squeezing out the bullets. No more is said. Behind his terrible descriptions of others' sufferings is the knowledge that Deane himself was often near death as he scribbled his notes, in Greek, between the lines of looted Communist pamphlets.

The wider interest of his story lies in the relationships between the Communists and the small party of diplomats, journalists and missionaries who were lumped together as privileged civilians. Their treatment varied with the fortunes of the campaign. As the Americans approached the Yalu, where the party was interned, there were all the relaxations of discipline, the whinings of guards, familiar from the closing stages of the war in the West. At other times the brutality exceeded comprehension. In the march from one camp to another, the dying were made to carry the dead, and themselves died or were shot for their failure. Ten privileged prisoners were thrust into airless rooms nine feet by nine. Human dignity began to collapse. On all fours, snarling like dogs, the diplomats, missionaries and journalists would fight each other for a cabbage-leaf. A few months later, during the last stages of release, they were served course after course, bottle after bottle of champagne, on the trans-Siberian express. Even so, the cashier glared at them:

> You are not fulfilling the eating norm set for you by Intourist. You have been prisoners. You must recuperate. You must eat 420 roubles-worth per day, and you are nowhere near that figure. Why?

It was 1984 in 1953. But Deane looks beyond the sad spectacle of man's inhumanity. In a remarkable passage he imagines the conflicts within the mind of a commissar who had lost his own family in air-raids, who was fed daily stories of missionaries and diplomats who were really spies and caricatures of Occidentals as sinister bloodstained insects, who, moreover, was used to Eastern methods of treating prisoners as objects with no personality or opinions. Against all that, he was now told that this 'special' group must be treated kindly for propaganda purposes. Is it then surprising, says Deane, that their treatment should have swung between the extremes of brutality and obsequiousness?

He goes further. From many conversations he came to understand as never before the appeal of Communism. "The peasant and the worker," says a North Korean intellectual to him, "have only behaviour to judge by. They can only come into contact with the Communist agent who walks into their narrow street. The overfed man in the shiny sedan is of another world."

Generals in Grey Suits

Josiah E. Dubois

The full story of a great conspiracy for world control of industry and war-potential by a group of the world's most powerful industrialists—the Directors of the internationally famous "I. G. Farben" cartel. They were tried and convicted at Nuremberg. The author was Chief Prosecutor in this amazing case.

"... fascinating in its horror ... For quantity of murder and unravelling of plot neither Macbeth nor any detective novel can touch it." EVENING STANDARD

Vladimir Krymov

The Impenitent Midge

A unique collection of reminiscences by a Russian novelist in exile.

"... leaves a lively and entertaining impression of an acute, inquiring and firmly independent habit of mind." THE TIMES

THE BODLEY HEAD

Deane himself, already conscious of Western deficiencies, and numbed by months of reading Communist literature, was only saved—how strange a triumph for Stevenson!—by a chance copy of *Treasure Island*. It is this honesty both in Deane's original impressions and in his recording of them, that makes his book important as well as fascinating to those who will never suffer what he suffered. Here is one at least who has stepped from the shiny sedan into the mud.

NIGEL NICOLSON

SHORTER REVIEWS

Trusts and Foundations: A Select Guide. Compiled by GUY W. KEELING. *Bowes & Bowes.* 42*s.*

It will not be long before Mr. Keeling's immense labours on this "select guide to organisations and grant-making bodies operating in Great Britain and the Commonwealth" will be taken for granted. All through the years that this book has been on the stocks—roughly the thirty-three years of Mr. Keeling's association with libraries and information bureaux—the need for it has been growing. One of the things that always distinguished the trained social worker—the person with the social science diploma—from the uncertificated do-gooder, was a knowledge of the countless societies, trusts, funds, and "leagues" concerned with the social problems of individuals. Or if not that, and it would be a tall order, then with a knowledge of the sources of information about them.

Those sources were few indeed. No one knew—not even the Charity Commissioners—how many charities there were in England and Wales, and even now only the Government is in a position to make a comprehensive survey as recommended by the Nathan Committee. It is known that there are at least 110,000 of them, but each of the trusts and charities described in the 1,000 articles of this book is selected because it belongs to a *genus* or similarly motivated group of charities. Mr. Keeling does not claim that his compilation is more than a foundation, but by comparison with what he has done the building will be a simple task. *Keeling's Trusts and Foundations* has arrived; and its arrival is a major event in the sphere of voluntary social service.

Semi-Precious Stones. By N. WOOSTER. *Penguin Books.* 4*s.* 6*d.*

Most of us have treasured fragments of semi-precious stones in childhood, before we learned to know them in the more familiar form of jewellery, carving or ornament. Jade, amber, turquoise, coral, "bluejohn," malachite, agate, amethyst—they are all beautiful in themselves, and have been prized by man for thousands of years, either as material for decoration or as magical objects. Yet few of us know much about them, and Mrs. Wooster, of the Brooklyn Crystallographic Laboratory at Cambridge, has had the happy thought of combining, in this well-produced little book, chemical with historical information. Thus we learn on the one hand that jet is an exceptionally hard kind of anthracite, and on the other, that one of its past uses was to be steeped in water which was drunk as a sovereign test of female chastity. (What was the effect in the case of a negative reaction, the author does not say.) Turquoise was once thought to protect one in the event of a fall; it is now more soberly taken as "a basic phosphate of copper and aluminium with more or less iron in it." Jade (which is one of two minerals, nephrite or jadeite, according to its kind) was believed to cure diseases of the kidney, and was until recently regarded with almost religious reverence by the Chinese, its beautiful qualities of luminous smoothness, hardness and durability being taken as symbolic of the spiritual virtues. Even today it is possible to find a Chinese who will hold a piece of jade in his hand and rub it when he has something important to discuss. These historical details are all interesting, but Mrs. Wooster is essentially a crystallographer, concerned to open our eyes to the beauty of these minerals and other stones in their natural state. In this she is admirably served by her illustrator, Mr. Arthur Smith, who provides sixteen coloured plates of great fidelity and handsomeness.

Flying Saucers. By D. H. MENZEL. *Putnam.* 21*s.*

Every legend has its own habit of growth, and that of the flying saucers has been to thrive on the wildest hoaxes. The Loch Ness Monster, the Druce-Portland Case, even the Devil's Footmarks were tame by comparison with the Little Men from Venus. These, it may be recalled, were perfectly formed, from 38 to 44 inches tall, beardless, had good teeth, sported the fashions of the Nineties in untearable cloth, and wore (so averred some) shoes made of human skin. Two discs crashing brought them to New Mexico and Colorado. A third carried blond passengers with "something resembling peach-fuzz" on their chins. All arrived dead or dying. But the fourth crew (not, let's hope, the last) got away, being chased by scientists and showing an unexpected turn of speed. We may yet see them at the Palladium. Professor Menzel devotes a whole chapter to the Little Men, and to their impresario, a Mr. Newton who broke his news at a students' meeting in Denver. He was afterwards accused of a $50,000 oil well swindle. But his Little Men, if not his electronic oil-finders, live on.

While this was the fairest flower of the legend, it flourished during its heyday in many directions. Saucers were seen by sober professors driving in the mountains, watched for hours by citizens in their thousands, photographed, filmed, chased by pilots, picked up on radar—but always, when the critical moment came, lost in thin air. Professor Menzel, an astrophysicist with well-developed bumps of humour and good sense, combs through the evidence, sketches a history (there were saucer scares in 1882 and 1897), attributes causes, and finds the most usual source in mirages of various kinds which are far commoner, it would seem, than we imagine. These he describes with a wealth of illustrations; indeed, half the fascination of his account consists in its display of sky wonders which few readers, perhaps, would bother about if it weren't for the trail after lunacy (or should we say Venery?). His book may be recommended to everyone, including the saucer fetichist.

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Week-end Competitions

No. 1,228

Set by Peter Pastmaster

It is announced that midnight work has been abolished in the Kremlin and a regular "nine to six" working day instituted instead. The usual prizes are offered for a soliloquy by a Moscow bureaucrat, modelled on any one of the great Russian masters. Limit 150 words. Entries by September 15.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,225

Set by Richard Lister

Mr. Eliot's new play *The Confidential Clerk* is to be given its première in Edinburgh. Nothing is known about it except its title. The usual prizes are offered for an anticipatory account describing the central situation and the main characters.

Report by Richard Lister

"The plot is novelettish—the undertones important," began David M. Walker. Having overheard these very words from a member of the audience in the foyer at the Lyceum Theatre, Edinburgh, on the first night I was inclined to reach into the editor's pocket for an immediate guinea. But then I retracted. The game, after all, was not divination, but likelihood, and, like many competitors, Mr. Walker scored only one point out of ten. J. M. Grundy's brilliant point was a quotation summing up the message of the play:

We hear
Only what we are able to speak, and what we speak
Is never what we began by hearing.

The confidential clerk himself was variously cast, whether as an agent of the heavenly or the satanic powers, or of the football pool promoters. P. M. plausibly attributes to him the habit of "retailing the confidences made him—not with malice aforethought, but with the happy spontaneity of one believing that we are members one of another, and that to know all is to forgive all," while Edward Blishen is near the mark in suggesting that he finally "left alone, addresses the audience in a manner that leaves them wondering whether he is (*a*) a supernatural figure, (*b*) the Archbishop of Canterbury or (*c*) just a confidential clerk."

No one scored ten, nine or eight points. Runners-up were Graeme Wilson, J. R. Till, David Stone, Victor Menzies and John Comley. The prize money is divided between the four printed.

It seems a far cry from Gibbons to Eliot; yet the legal firm of Swinford & Sons bears an unmistakable resemblance to the Starkadders. There have always been Swinfords at Bath, but under the tight and ageing grip of Robert both family and business (the two are indistinguishable) are reaching a state of *impasse*. The chess-playing, musical grandson, Maurice, conspires ineffectively with Uncle Christopher, a folksy sleeping partner, to escape from a hated profession and a possessive mother, Avril; while Paul, who lives for the firm, faces matrimonial disaster because his wife Helen cannot stomach the *ancien régime*. These tensions are partly resolved by Cousin Madeleine, home from a travelling fellowship, who has learnt that

Our fate is to travel
Until every moment
Becomes a destination
A landfall and departure
A new decision
To avoid the avoidance
Of the ever-present
Intolerable I-and-thou.

Carruthers, the confidential clerk, thinks otherwise. He is the eternal passive Cain who murders by not wishing to interfere. All-seeing, he only watches, sharing this experience with the audience till we want to scream (quoting *The Family Reunion*),

It is not me your confidential looks
Incriminate—

but it *is*.

J. P. STEVENSON

Mr. Eliot becomes more satirical, less cynical, in his new verse play. *The Confidential Clerk* is, as its name implies, about a confidential clerk with all the traditional accoutrements of quiet dress, pale, almost negligible, face, no sex life to speak of, an obedient wife, an obsequious manner and a willingness to work. But here tradition ends, for Mr. Eliot's clerk is so obsequious that he inspires the utmost confidence of not only his own employer, Sir Henry Sweet the Sugar King, but of all Sir Henry's cut-throat rivals, would-be mergerers, past and future mistresses, wife, and the agent of a foreign power disguised as a telephone disinfector. The C.C.'s best attribute is his photographic mind, and it is this gift (no filing required) which allows him to see at the second act curtain a startling combination of confidences which can be used to gain tremendous power for himself, not

only in this country but in the world. The last act sees him assuming his new role, working his puppets, toppling governments and making and breaking cartels. The negligible face, the manner of dress, the obsequiousness, all remain. The obedient wife becomes a dragon. Whatever will Mr. Eliot give us next?

PAT BULLEN

We never actually meet the Confidential Clerk. We only see his shadow silhouetted on the glass-panelled door leading from the private office of Sir Henry Grant, Q.C., in whose Temple chambers the action of the play takes place. Here come a succession of clients: a headmaster self-tortured with the knowledge that he once cheated at solo; a comic-strip cartoon artist accused of perpetrating *graffiti* on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel; and a night-club hostess whose husband threatens divorce because of her association with a Bengal Yogi. While Sir Henry discusses each case, in modified blank verse, the shadow of the Confidential Clerk performs a kind of symbolic pictorial commentary. Sometimes he appears to be drinking heavily; sometimes reading; sometimes hanging by his legs from the electric light; and once kissing a typist. As the curtain falls the Confidential Clerk is seen to strangle Sir Henry, while the other characters perform a *danse macabre*.

The crudite equivocations and esoteric allusions (e.g. glass-panelled door——?, Platonic cave, Temple ——? Temple, etc.) must await Mr. Eliot's programme notes, to be published next spring.

STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

The mainspring of this allegory is the lonely responsibility of James, confidential clerk to an absentee solicitor. A client, Calder, introduces a married couple in need of advice. They are naturally disappointed at the absence of the principal, but Calder vouches for the competence of James and a consultation ensues, in the course of which it appears that Calder himself has never met the solicitor. When the visitors leave, a colloquy between James and the typist shows that she, too, knows nothing of her employer, and James somewhat cryptically tries to silence her doubts. The married couple return, bringing with them a sceptic, Floss, who declares James an "unqualified" fraud and the "solicitor" non-existent. James retorts by unmasking Floss as an adventurer with designs on his friends. When the couple retire, impressed and satisfied, the typist, her suspicions aroused by Floss, discloses her torturing uncertainty. James responds to the situation by asking the girl if he has managed his case well. She admits it and passionately confesses her love. James asks her to trust where she loves, which she does on her knees as the curtain falls.

A. M. SAYERS

CHESS: White and Black

No. 205

By reversing the order I hope to indicate my disinclination to advertise a popular brand of alcoholic refreshment; it should certainly be the proper order for any chessplayer fully aware of the privilege conferred on White by the blessing of that one precious little tempo. Yet, the other day (*What Price Tempo?* July 4th) I ventured to suggest that the progress of opening theory in recent decades seems to have strengthened defence rather than attack; I was wondering if that tempo is still as precious as it used to be. My doubts have been dispelled by E. T. O. Slater who (collaborating with C. H. O'D. Alexander) is doing some most commendable and highly interesting research. In 57 of the most important tournaments in the twenties, the thirties, the forties, and the first two years of the present decade the total of White wins was 2,101, as against 1,432 Black wins. In the decided games and in the order of decades the percentage figures for Black victories read 43, 42, 42, 41, a slight but steady decline. I was less surprised by the markedly increasing tendency for draws, the percentage figures over the decades being 37, 41, 41, 45. Slater is wondering if this unmistakable tendency foreshadows the advent of *Remistod*. I hope not. Indeed, I doubt it (and I hope, some time soon to provide chapter and verse for such optimism). Meanwhile, we can evidently take it for granted that White is more than holding his own; it seems that all the ingenuity devoted to the defensive and counter-aggressive resources of the Nimzo-Indian, the Sicilian and, more recently, the King's Indian is over-compensated by the inherent and ineradicable power of the good, old tempo. Here, to prove the point, is a very fine little game won by Wade in the recent Championship Tournament at Hastings; all the more instructive since Wade had Black and managed to gain precisely the one tempo that made all the difference.

(1)	P-Q4	Kt-KB3	(14) R x R	B x R
(2)	P-QB4	P-KKt3	(15) B-QR3	R-Q1
(3)	Kt-QB3	B-Kt2	(16) R-Q1	B x RP
(4)	P-KKt3	0-0	(17) R x R ch	Kt x R
(5)	B-Kt2	P-Q3	(18) B x P	Kt-B3
(6)	Kt-B3	P-B4	(19) B-QR3	P-QKt4
(7)	0-0	Kt-B3	(20) Kt-Q2	Kt-Q5
(8)	P x P	P x P	(21) B-B5	P-QR4
(9)	Q x Q	R x Q	(22) B-Kt6	P-R5
(10)	B-K3	B-K3	(23) P-K3	Kt-Kt6
(11)	B x P	B x P	(24) Kt x Kt	B x Kt
(12)	KR-Q1	Kt-Q4	(25) B-B6	B x P
(13)	Kt x Kt	R x Kt	(26) resigns	

Obviously, by swopping Queens and thereby developing a Black R White conceded the precious tempo: quite literally so in as much as, had he played (13) Kt-Q4 the position, would still have been precisely symmetrical, but with Black to move. It is quite remarkable how quickly this advantage began to tell.

It would be interesting to hear about readers' own experience, *i.e.*, their percentage of drawn games as well as their percentage of wins with the Black pieces.

A: I. A. Horowitz
1940

This week's 4-pointer is a game position won by White very brilliantly and forcefully; it is a mate in four moves. B is almost a bargain for 6 ladder-points, and C may be none too difficult for seven if I add the helpful hint that the two studies have something more in common than the mere result of a draw.

B: K. A. L. Kubbel
1911

C: A. Wotava
1952

Usual prizes. Entries by Sept. 14.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set August 15

A: (1) Kt-Q6, R x P, (2) Kt-B4 ch, K-Kt6, (3) Kt-R5 ch, K-R6, (4) B-KB2 ‡, etc.

B: *Key*: Kt-B3 (thr. Q-K3)
if (1) . . . QR-K5, (2) P-Kt8 (Kt ?), etc.
if (1) . . . KR-K5, (2) P-Kt8 (Q ?), etc.
Reversing these promotions would be refuted by (2) . . . R(K)-KB5 and QB5 respectively
(1) P-Kt8(Kt) is refuted by KR-Q5
(1) P queens is refuted by QR-Q5

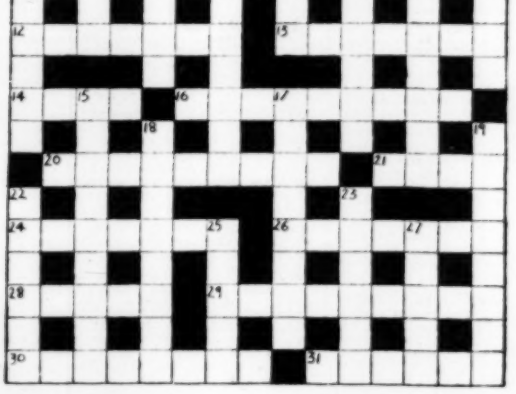
C: (1) Kt-K5 ch, K-Kt3, (2) Q-QKt1 ch, K-B4, (3) Q-Kt1 ch, K-Q4, (4) Q-K3 ‡, Q-QB1, (5) P-B4 ch, K-K3, (6) Kt-B6 ch, K-B3, (7) Q-R6 ch, K-B4, (8) Q-K3 ch, etc.
if (4) . . . Q-K1 (KKt1), (5) P-B4 ch, K-K3, (6) Kt-Kt4 ch, etc.

Surprisingly many competitors merely dropped a point or two by failing to see every subtlety of C. Inclining at first to liken that beautiful study to *Kleine Nachtmusik* M. Kaye finally decided that Mozart's Symphony No. 40 is a more fitting analogy. He—Kaye, not Mozart!—shares the prizes with J. R. Harman, C. Sandberg, A Schneider. Equally flawless solutions from C. Alton, D. E. Cohen, N. McKelvie. *Non-Londoners' 14th move* P-KKt3. *Londoners' 14th due by September 9.*

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 64

Prizes: Three book tokens of 10s. 6d. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 64, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on 15th Sept.



ACROSS

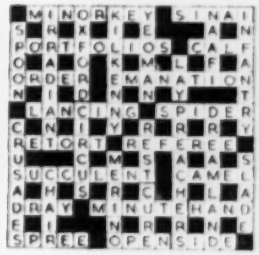
1. Song and dance advertisement (6).
4. Step in front of a weapon; this is what a friend may give (8).
10. Sally embracing a leg; a divine business? (9).
11. The peasant is a burden, left at the end (5).
12. A fool among wagers for the dogs (7).
13. Make dotty with drink mainly (7).
14. Peacock's affection (4).
16. They may be cracked and will only hold a little (9).
20. Wallows like fish (9).
21. An inch of ground (4).
24. They afford protection from the sun, but put a little on for the early mornings (7).
26. Tendency of an incorporated shipping company (7).
28. The community for a cricketer (5).
29. Change stole over a statesman (9).
30. Preparation for dinner—in two different senses (8).
31. Dog who may follow a bone (6).

DOWN

1. The camp dance is an American entertainment (8).
2. Plays about birds (5).
3. Appears, but the gentleman in the main is up (6).
5. They are like districts (5).
6. Ascetic columnists? (8).
7. Restoration galls (9).
8. Very nearly the most boring statesman (6).
9. Residues rehashed and put out again (8).
15. A card for a bowler (9).
17. The suburb may change into urbs (8).
18. Custodians give the cue in music hall acts (8).
19. Sees term revised but still a term (8).
22. Squandered—like Edward was? (6).
23. He is at the heart of the conspiracy (6).
25. Refuse (5).
27. Composer from 28 (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 62



PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 62

Mrs. R. A. Marrison (Putney, S.W.15), Don May (Wellingborough), Michael Wilson (Exeter).

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

VICTORIA University College, Wellington, New Zealand. The Victoria University Council proposes shortly to appoint a Professor of Social Science, and now invites applications from suitably qualified persons. Salary will be at the rate of £1,500 p.a. rising to £1,700 p.a. by annual increments of £100. Allowance is made for travelling expenses. Further particulars and information as to method of application may be obtained from The Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications is Sept. 17, 1953.

UNIVERSITY College of Hull. Department of Adult Education.—Temporary Staff Tutor in Literature with a good Honours degree in English (Literature) required for Session 1953-54. Additional qualifications in Drama or in a second subject, would be an advantage but are not essential. Salary at the rate of £450 to £650 per annum (according to experience and qualifications), with family allowances. Particulars from The Registrar, The University College, Hull, to whom applications should be sent by Saturday, September 26, 1953.

BBC invites applications for employment as Programme Assistants in the Hebrew Section of the Eastern Service. They will be required to read in Hebrew fluently and agreeably and translate into it English texts on a variety of subjects. They should have Hebrew as a mother tongue, be familiar with the language as current in Israel, have a good general education, an intimate knowledge of English and an interest in affairs political, economic and cultural. Selected candidates will be required to pass voice and translation tests. At present there are no staff vacancies, but suitably qualified applicants are required for occasional part-time and temporary employment and participation in programmes, and will be placed on a reserve list for consideration when vacancies arise. Salary according to qualifications. Applications to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "102 N Stm.," within a week. For acknowledgment please enclose a stamped addressed envelope.

TUBERCULOSIS. London County Council invites applications from holders of the Certificate of Institute of Hospital Almoners or social science certificate of a recognised school of sociology who have practical experience in social work for appointment as Local Tuberculosis Care Organiser to the Harton Street Chest Clinic, Deptford, S.E.8. Salary scale £480—£600. Duties: social and secretarial work for the Local Tuberculosis Care Committee. Further particulars on application form obtainable from the Divisional Medical Officer of Health, Division 6, St. Paul's House, Deptford High Street, S.E.8, for return by September 26. (941)

COUNTY Borough of Reading. Children's Department. Applications are invited for the post of Children's Welfare Officer. Salary Scale A.P.T.I (£465—£510 p.a.). Minimum qualification Social Science Diploma (or equivalent), or Home Office Certificate in Child Care. For further particulars and application form apply to Children's Officer, 22 Market Place, Reading.

CITY of Leicester Children's Committee. The Woodlands Remand Home (20 boys). Applications are invited from single men who are qualified teachers for the appointment of Resident Deputy Superintendent. The Remand Home is commodious, well-equipped and run on modern lines, there being a close tie-up with the Child Guidance Clinic and Psychiatric Services. Salary in accordance with the Burnham Scale for Assistant Teachers plus Special Responsibility Allowance of £50 per annum. A charge of £78 per annum will be made for board and lodging. The post is pensionable and subject to a medical examination. Forms of application may be obtained from the Children's Officer, 20 Millstone Lane, Leicester, to whom they should be returned by September 19, 1953. Kenneth Goodacre, Town Clerk.

CO-OPERATIVE Art Service, Ltd., invite applications for the position of General Manager. Applicants must have experience of publicity, print, displays, etc., administrative qualifications & good knowledge of Co-op. Labour Movement. Artistic & selling ability an advantage. Write stating age, experience & salary required to Secretary, C.A.S., Ltd., 6a, Smith Street, London, S.W.3. Endorsing envelope "Re General Manager."

INTERESTING position vacant for keen, adaptable young lady. Post involves mainly political research, with special emphasis on Local Government matters. Also assistance with small monthly journal and some press notices. Ability to type an advantage. Age and previous experience secondary to initiative and keenness to learn. Apply with full particulars, stating salary reqd., to Box 1585.

DOMESTIC Staff: British or Continental cooks, cooks-general, mother's helps, married couples, etc., available through Five Cities Bureau, 90a George Street, London, W.1. WEL. 3897. We also secure first-class jobs for employees.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

AMENDED: Senior Scientific Officers; Scientific Officers; Patent Examiner and Patent Officer Classes. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for permanent and pensionable appointments to be filled by competitive interview during 1953. Interviews will continue throughout the year, but a closing date for the receipt of applications earlier than December, 1953, may eventually be announced. The Scientific posts are in various Government Departments and cover a wide range of Scientific research and development in most of the major fields of fundamental and applied science. In biological subjects the number of vacancies is small; individual vacancies exist at present for candidates who have specialised in palaeobotany and foraminifera. The Patent posts are in the Patent Office (Board of Trade), Admiralty and Ministry of Supply. Candidates must have obtained a university degree with first- or second-class honours in an appropriate scientific subject (including engineering) or in Mathematics, or an equivalent qualification; or for Scientific posts, possess high professional attainments. Candidates for Senior Scientific Officer posts must in addition have had at least three years' post-graduate or other approved experience. Candidates for Scientific Officer and Patent posts who took their degrees in 1953 may be admitted to compete before the result of their degree examination is known. Age Limits: Senior Scientific Officers, between 26 and 31, but specially suitable candidates under 26 may be admitted. For Scientific Officers and Patent Classes, between 21 and 28 during 1953 (up to 41 for permanent members of the Experimental Officer class competing as Scientific Officers). Inclusive London Salary Scales: Senior Scientific Officers (men) £917—£1,075, (women) £681—£917; Scientific Officers, (men) £440—£812; (women) £440—£576; Patent Examiner and Patent Officer Classes, (men) £440—£760; (women) £440—£576. Women's rates under review. Somewhat lower rates in the provinces. Further particulars from the Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, Trinidad House, Old Burlington Street, London, W.1, quoting No. S.53/53 for Senior Scientific Officers and S. 52/53, S. 128/53 for the other posts.

PSYCHOLOGICAL Testers required for H.M. Prisons. One post (female) is in London and four posts (male) are in the provinces. Duties under the direction of a Medical Officer or Psychologist, involve the carrying out of intelligence and aptitude tests, both individually and in groups. Salary scales: (London) men £429 by 4 increments to £495 per annum; women £346 by 4 increments to £401 per annum. Outside London slightly less. The minimum of £429 (men), £346 (women), is linked to age 24. The starting pay of new entrants will be reduced by one increment for each year under that age at the date of appointment. Posts are non-pensionable. Application form and regulations from the Establishment Officer (E.84/4/18), Prison Commission, Dean Ryle Street, Westminster, S.W.1, to be returned by September 19, 1953.

LONDON County Council. Post of special responsibility. Deputy Headmistress, Kidbrooke Comprehensive School, Corelli Road, S.E.3. Headmistress, Miss M. G. Green, B.A. Applications invited from qualified teachers for appointment as deputy headmistress, to take up duty for preliminary planning at Easter, 1954. This new secondary school for 2,000 girls with 13 form entry will open in September, 1954. Burnham (London) scale salary with special allowance of £350 a year. The school will be filled at the outset by the transfer of a grammar school, two secondary schools (one providing a four-year course and one a five-year course) and two secondary technical schools. Courses of varied kinds and lengths will be provided, including some leading to the General Certificate of Education (ordinary advanced and scholarship levels) and some preparing for advanced courses in commerce, needlecraft and housecraft. Applicants must have good qualifications, organising ability and a variety of teaching experience, and should be interested in the whole field of secondary education. Application Forms EO/TS/10 (Kidbrooke) to be obtained from and returned by September 18 to the Education Officer (EO/TS/10), County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1.

OPENINGS exist for men between 21 and 30 to train as General Secretaries. First essentials: sense of Christian vocation, good education, leadership ability in religious, social, educational and physical activities with youth. Write, giving particulars of experience and qualifications, to Personnel Secretary, National Council of Y.M.C.A.s, 112 Great Russell Street, W.C.1.

EXPERIENCED bi-lingual English/German Secretary with initiative required by Exporters of standing. Only applicants used to methodical, independent work and typing considered. Box 1214.

EXPD. Sec. Sh./Typs. for London posts. Salary up to £8. Also for temporary work, £6 10s. (10-5, no Sats.) Dutton's Secretarial Service, 92 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. Ring Miss Topham, MUS. 7379.

SHORTHAND-typists. Copy typists. Attractive full-time temporary work (hrs. 10-5), or part-time by hour, day, wk. High rates of pay. Josephine Hall & Partners, 501 Grand Bldgs. Trafalgar Sq. W.C.2. WHI. 5392/6412.

EXPERIENCED secretary required for University Laboratory, Cambridge, to act as secretary to Head and deal with the general running of the Laboratory. Box 1727.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

RESIDENT Housekeeper for small Settlement. 12-14 residents. Some cooking required to be done. Salary £300 less board residence. Apply The Warden, 4 Cumberland Road, Plaistow, E.13.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

EX-WARDEN of International College seeks whole- or part-time post. Past experience includes social and industrial reconstruction, work for refugees, hostel management, hospital administration, organisation and planning, publicity, personal contacts with all kinds of people. Will undertake any form of useful service. G. Noel Hyde, 19 Fox Hill, Selly Oak, Birmingham, 29.

PROFESSIONAL man (40), seeks position London area, with scope for intelligence and responsibility. Wide exper. adult and child education, lecturer, well-qualified musician. Adaptable and willing to learn in any suitable change of business. Box 1557.

CANADIAN research student (Political Theory), fluent French, wants work, full/part-time. Anything consid. Box 1630.

EDUCATED woman, 35, wide exp. social, political, literary, educ. work—some shorthand-typing. Good public speaker. Must seek paid employment now. Willing travel. Any worthwhile work considered. Box 1596.

EDUCATED woman (24), expd. secretary, desires to enter journalism. Box 1426.

YOUNG lady, barrister, LL.B. (Hons.), varied office exp., seeks interesting post where intelligence/personality reqd. Box 1660.

YOUNG Woman (25), several years' editorial experience, good shorthand-typist, seeks any interesting work. Box 1672.

DUTCH lady (29), sks. post res. Cook Hsekpr. to homely progressives. Box 1472.

EXPERIENCED secretary free occasionally. ARC. 1765/MOU. 1701.

ART and Crafts teacher seeks full or part-time post in London. French and other subjects offered. Box 1461.

FORMER successful market-gardener, now slightly disabled, sks. congenial occupation connected with horticulture or the arts. Age 42, good educ. Sh./typing, accounts, correspondence, &c. Mod. salary. Box 1479.

IMAGINATIVE male cook, veget. & Con., ex-R.N., modern painter, sks. work Lond. area. Aims combine painting/cookery. Can cope with progressive children. Box 1551.

WOMAN, Hons. grad. (34), exp. secretary/sh. typist, sks post London. Box 1543.

WHERE TO STAY

AFTER 100%. Bookings since March (incl. repeat visits, recommendations) we have only 3 twin-bedded and 2 dble. rooms on upper flrs. from Sept. 19 at £6 11s. 3d. and £5 15s. 6d. respectively. Oct. usually becomes fully bkd. also in this mild climate (book now for all flrs. inside from £5 10s. 3d. up, incl. gratuities, early tea, baths, coffee, fresh fruit dly. and htd. bedroom if weather cool). Slumberlands; 2 lounges; well apptd. Meat or Veg. Congenial, used by readers (references gladly). Normanhurst P/Hotel, Sea-Front, St. Leonards, Sussex. Open every day of yr.; cen. htg. throughout. Best pos. facing Sth. on 3-mile Prom., opp. covered walk; nr. Orchestra, curative baths. Write for free informative Brochure.

CONVALESCENCE? Rest cure? (Bkfst. in bed.) Autumn or winter holiday in medically commended resort. See Normanhurst advert above. Provisional dates also trial bkgs. willingly accepted.

CORNWALL.—Carndoman Guest House, Gerrans, Portscatho, Truro, on the lovely Roseland Peninsula, has vacancies from September 12. Terms moderate. Send s.a.e. for brochure or 'phone Roseland 38.

BETWEEN Looe & Polperro. Country Hse, possessing every modern amenity, in 12 acres gardens overlkg. sea, offers restful holiday & perfect food based on own farm produce. No children under 14. Porthallow Old House, Talland Bay, Nr. Looe, Cornwall.

SALCOMBE, S. Devon. Tides Reach Hotel. On the edge of a sandy beach with boats, fishing, safe bathing and glorious walks. Mod. comforts; farm produce; good food & wine. Open Easter to mid-Oct. 10-14gns. Tel. 288. Ashley Courtenay recommended.

BOURNEMOUTH. Connaught Court, W. Cliff. Tel. 1944. 33 rms. 200 yds. sea front. Gdns., Putting Green. Garages. Superlative food. Sept. 8gns., Oct. on, 6gns., incl.

WORTHING—delightfully situated home of poet Henley, acre sheltered garden. Bedside lights, fires, H/C. Ample fare, varied, well-cooked, well-served. Own produce. Garage/parking. 5-7gns. No extras. St. George's Lodge, Chesswood Rd. Phone 2621.

QUIET guest house in lovely Cotswold valley welcomes people of all nationalities; unspoilt country; home-grown produce. 5-7 gns. Finlayson, Steanbridge, Nr. Stroud, Glos. (Tel.: Painswick 2312).

HILL-lovers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse, beautifully and remotely situated in heart of Welsh Mountains near Llyn Geirionydd. Modern comforts—very good food and fires. Friendly and informal. 5/6gns. George & Elaine Bonner, Penrallt, Trefriw. Telephone Llanwrst 166.

WHERE TO STAY—continued

CHARMOUTH House winter season, Charmouth, Dorset. Special terms long bookings between November and May excepting Christmas and Easter. Private suite or bedsit. room if wanted. Suit writer or student.

TANKERTON-on-Sea. The sunny, tranquil corner of Kent. Fiveways Hotel, Kingsdown Park. Ideal for discriminating folk. Large beautiful grounds; near sea. Comf., good food. Mod. Easy reach Canterbury. A.A. recomm. R.A.C. listed. Whitstable 3243.

OLD Plaw Hatch, Nr. East Grinstead. Kathleen Batten's friendly hotel on the edge of Ashdown Forest. Lovely walks and good food at the end of them. Club Licence Sharpthorne 17.

SKYE, where summer lingers late. Autumn sunsets sheer delight. Vacs. Sept./Oct. Hilditch, Dunollie Hotel, Broadford 253.

LAKE District. Magnificent mountain and lakes. Wastwater. Sea & golf at Seascale. Billiards, Table Tennis, Licd. Irton Hall Hotel, Holmrook, Cumb. Holmrook 42.

ISLE of Wight Guest House, own beach, safe sea bathing, 22 acres (5 reserved for nudism). H. & C., electric light, indoor sanitation, fresh-water pool. Reduced terms children. Brochure (stamp) from N. S. Critchard, Woodside, Wootton, Ryde, I.W.

DO you seek a stay in attractive cottage with garden, beautiful walks and Continental food? You find it 40 miles from London at 6½gns. weekly. Sunset Cottage, Clovelly Road, Hindhead. Tel. 548.

BEAUTIFUL Countryside with comfort & good food. Te Whare Hotel, Horam, Sussex (Eastbourne line). Horeham Rd. 32.

OLD Sussex Village, comfortable accomm. and good country food at Blenheim Farm, Robertsbridge. Horses for hire. 5gns. wkly. Summer terms 6gns. Robertsbridge 148.

EDINBURGH, West End. Mod. Atholl Hotel, 16 Rothesay Place, 3. CEN. 4871.

THE Hallams, Nr. Shamley Green, Guildford. A beautiful guest house in the Surrey hills, ideal holiday or week-end. Mod. Excel. catering. Illus. bklt. Bramley 306811.

WHITE Cross Hotel, Wallingford. For long or short stay. Fishing, sailing. Lovely grounds. A.A. Tel. 3155.

THE Continental, (recommended by Labour Pty.) St. Leonards-on-Sea, Hastings 4571.

VISIT beautiful mild West Ireland in Sept. Fine mnts., golden strands. Reduced terms. Slievemore Hotel, Dugort, Co. Mayo.

LITTLE Guide to Britain's recommended Village Inns, Hotels, Farms, Guesthouses—the Bide-a-While Book. 3s. 6d., postage 2d. from N. S. Hilton, 45 Fleet St., Torquay.

COTE d'Azur. Holidays at moderate inclusive terms. Typical Provençal hotel. Restaurant with first-class cuisine. All modern comforts. Special rates for Sept. & Oct. Illust. brochure: Ermitage, Bandol (Var).

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

THE Hampstead Secretarial Bureau. Efficient work by intelligent typists. Careful checking, speedy service. 24 hours for duplicating. Translations. Mod. charges. 2a Downshire Hill, London, N.W.3. HAM. 8879.

ABBEY Secretarial Bureau, 157 Abbey House, Victoria St., S.W.1 (ABB. 4772). First-class typing. Rapid duplicating (in colours), circularising, theses, testimonials, etc.

HAZEL Porteous will type your Thesis, Novel, Play or Technical MS. Efficient personal serv., highly recom. by prominent writers, 79 Hamilton Rd., Felixstowe, Suffolk.

MRS. Archer for MSS, Secretarial/Duplctg. 4 Denmark St., W.C.2. TEM. Bar. 5240.

MRS. Jolly will type or duplicate it for you. 26 Charing Cross Rd., W.C.2. TEM. 5588 and FRE. 8640.

SECRETARIAL Aunts for all types of Secretarial Services, shorthand typists, etc. Literary and commercial typing, duplicating, etc. Four-day service for any length MS. Special rates for students and societies. 501/2 Grand Buildings, Trafalgar Square, W.C.2. WHItehall 6411/2.

COMPETENT Typewriting Service. Lit., MSS., etc. Moderate fees. MAI. 2659.

DUPLICATING/typing/verbatim reporting. An efficient and express service. Please telephone BAY. 1786.

A FIRST-Class Duplicating/Typing/Secretarial service. Mabel Eyles, 395 Hornsey Road, N.19. ARC. 1765, Ext. 1.

MILDRED Furst—Typewriting. Theses, Novels, Plays, Film Scripts, Scientific MSS., etc., copied by intelligent typists under personal supervision. Careful checking. German, French, Latin work done. 7 days' service for MSS. of any length by arrangement. 24-hr. Duplicating service. 267 Goldhurst Terrace, London, N.W.6. MAI. 7479.

JEAN McDougall for typing, translations, 24 hour duplicating service. 31 Kensington Church St., London, W.8. WEStern 5809.

PROMPT Translations from Italian, French, Spanish, German, Dutch. Reasonable terms. GLA. 7794.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, 3s. 6d. per line (average 6 words). Box No. 1s. extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tues. State latest date acceptable. Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Hol. 8471.

PERSONAL

HAMPSTEAD Choral Society (Conductor: Martindale Sidwell)—Season 1953-4. Programme includes a performance of Bach's Mass in B Minor, to be given at the Royal Festival Hall. A few vacancies in all voices for good musicians. Rehearsal night Wednesday. Apply Hon. Secretary, 6, Manor Gardens, Belsize Grove, N.W.3.

CHAPPEL Upright piano; mahogany case in excellent condition; superb tone; maker-tuned quarterly. Nearest offer £70. Seen Highgate. FLA. 4045. Box 1691.

2 good car seats available to Barcelona and Valencia. September 18 returning Oct. 11. WEL. 6409.

BACHELOR going Paris Sept. seeks lift. Share expenses. Box 1638.

DRIVER, 38, wide interests, without car, seeks car owner wanting congenial companion for weekends out of London. State age and interests. Box 1627.

COTERIE Anti-Cricket prize essay—Autumn subject is "Why I Hate Cricket." Stamp for memship. des. please to 23 Central Mansions, London, N.W.4.

PRESENTABLE male (26), single, seeks London post. Well trained as journalist, London, Provinces. Experience as personal assistant in politics and entertainment. Good salary essential. Box 1656.

EDITOR (retired) long experience wants reviewing; translations (French or German); proof reading; indexing; research; or other journalistic work. Box 1559.

POSTAL Courses in Law to suit all requirements. Moderate fees. All exams., Trade Union Law, etc. Box 1544.

HUMAN being (f), 28, writer, wants home self & child. Able cook, linguist, Leftist, sh./typist, small capital. Box 1494.

DID you know you can rent a villa or flat in the French Riviera for 2 to 4 weeks? Cost from £3 p.w. a head. Details: Mulvey, 51 Clanricarde Gdns., W.2. BAY. 7120.

YOUNG Labour councillor (active T. Unionist), wife, child (2nd expectd. Dec.) desp. need 3/4 rm. unfur. flat Nth. part Marylebone (St. Johns Wd./Regts. Pk./Maida Vale). Rent up to £300 incl.; no prem., or F. & F. Offers/suggestions? Box 1624.

LATE holiday-takers can join in activities at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon.

HOSPITALITY nr. London for young woman wishing to improve English. Three months from Sept. Companionship, light duties reqd. in home with two small children. References exchanged. Heady, 20 Derwent Ave., Hatch End, Middx.

REMUNERATION & probably compacted settlement to homely domesticated widow or spinster as housekeeper companion to elderly Quaker. West Country coast. Box 1399.

BUSINESS man visits U.S. Zone of Germany at frequent intervals, undertakes commissions, research, etc. Box 1027.

FIRST-class piano teacher, Professor of the Vienna Academy, accepts beginners and advanced pupils. EUS. 3466, ext. 63.

I WRITE a good letter legibly. Any use M.P. or Author 3 mornings weekly? Remuneration 1s. bus fare & snack. Box 1546.

NEVER buy a picture without first seeing our lists. Box 1541.

HELP given in return or part return for 2 rooms, London, by doctor's wife (B.A. Oxon) with daughter 2, husband home alt. week-ends. Suggestions welcomed. Box 1534.

"AU Pair." We arrange 3-12 months' stay France, French Morocco, Switzerland, Spain, Sweden, Denmark for educated young girls willing help with children. Easy housework, pocket money. Educational Touring Service, 10 Exhibition Rd., S.W.7.

PANTOMIMES, Revues, Plays. Desmond Mac Namara is now taking Christmas work. All types masks, puppets, pantomime animals, props, film models, costume accessories. 85b Comeragh Rd., W.14.

ENGLISH couple, middle-aged but alive, with large villa in South of France, very near sea, mountains and Italy, would like to share its privileges and responsibilities with another similar couple—perhaps intending "emigrants." Congeniality most important in communal living, so please outline your interests and we will reciprocate. "Pas sérieux s'abstenir," as the French say. Enclose int'l postage coupon. Box 1654.

WOMAN Hons. grad. (31) sks. change from Univ. employment, excl. refs. Box 1646.

YOUNG Parisienne teaches French. Results guaranteed. Box 1618.

SOUTH of France, near Nice. To let in picturesque mountain village, charming furnished apartment, mod., comfortable, sleep 2-3. Box 1628.

FOR Sale: 4 upholstered chairs, Danish dining table, £17; maple chest of drawers, £12; maple tallboy, £15; lge capacity washing machine, £20; refrigerator 3 cu. ft. thermostat, £65; good design/condition. Box 1634.

CARAVAN. Winchester. £200. Fully equipped. 'Phone Princes Risborough 160.

CRUISING on Canals from Sept. 26. Comfortable cruisers for 2-6 people. Cheap rates and gas fires provided. Canal Cruising Co., Ltd., (N), Stone, Staffs.

PERSONAL—continued

FREE Winter Sports holiday? We shall be glad to offer any organiser of a group of 16 an entirely free holiday. Please write, 'phone or call for details: Erna Low, 47 (NS), Old Brompton Rd., London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

LEISURELY escorted Tour. Paris, Florence, Venice, Innsbruck. Sept. 13. 15 days £59 7s. 6d. Grape Harvest in Italy: Rome, Sorrento, Amalfi, Capri. October 3. 16 days £60 7s. 6d. (2nd rail continent.) Escorted by Mr. Lamming. Allways, 17 Sicilian Ave., London, W.C.1. CHA. 6436/7.

MALLORCA for winter sunshine. P.G.s taken, beaut. old Mallorcan hse. Eng./Dutch management. Full pension 12s. a day inc. P.O. Box 7, Soller, Mallorca. (Van-Driel.)

SKI-ING Holidays in France, Switzerland, Italy, Austria, Norway, Yugoslavia. The new programme includes a variety of winter holidays, and you can choose whether to go with a party or independently. The special article, "All about Ski-ing," tells you what happens on a ski-ing holiday. A fortnight amid the snow and sunshine costs as little as £24 7s. 6d. Write for Winter Programme to: Rambiers' Association Services, 48 (A2) Park Rd., Baker St., London, N.W.1.

LATE Holidays? Follow the sun to Austria, French Riviera, Majorca, or the Italian Lakes & Venice, or Cornwall. We can still include you in a small informal party. Erna Low, 47 (N.S.), Old Brompton Road, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

ARTISTS! Why not earn handsome sums before Christmas designing cards for friends & others—e.g., drawing strangers' homes? We print them for you: 3 doz. 32s., more at 4s. doz (inc. envelopes & tax). Design 4½in. × 3½in., message 1½in. × 2in., in black ink please. For sample cards (of stout paper, double-folded, design-area varnished), write Philip Youngman (Artists' Printing Co.), 83 Little Albany St., N.W.1. EUS. 7211.

GREETINGS cards made to order by Artists' Printing Co. (above) retail at 65s. for 3 doz. with original, mounted; more at 10s. doz. (Tinting extra, 5s. doz.).

OXFORD Graduate (B.A. Hons.), experienced teacher, coaches English, History, French. London area. Box 1617.

BAKER St. School of Dancing (97). Priv. lessns/classes Ballrm. dancing. WEL. 4841.

MR. M. DAVIDSON, F.S.M.C., Ophthalmic Optician, attends at The Hatton Optical Co., 19 Hatton Garden, Holborn, E.C.1. (Tel.: HOL. 8193).

YOUR "Self" can make saleable MSS. No Sales-No Fees tuition. Free N2 "Know-How Guide to Writing Success" from B.A. School of Successful Writing, Ltd., 124 New Bond St., London, W.1.

GRAPHOLOGICAL Expert, scientifically trained with wide experience, gives advice in personal and business matters (appointment of staff, partnerships, matrimonial affairs, child guidance, etc.). Write to Graphological Bureau, 1 Woodside, Erskine Hill, N.W.11.

DRAMATIC Societies, Managements or Authors can stage Productions or Tryouts at Irving Theatre, Irving St., W.C.2.

THE child in difficulties at school is often greatly helped by having a period of individual tuition in which he can count upon someone's understanding, interest and approval. Specialist for those who are backward readers, etc. Elva Boyd, 7 Weech Road, N.W.6. HAMpstead 2551.

KINGSTON Clinic, Edinburgh, 9. "The home of modern Nature Cure." Illustrated brochure gladly sent on request.

WRITE for Profit in Spare Time. The Ideal Hobby. Send 2½d. stamp for "Subjects that Sell To-day" (a special bulletin) and informative prospectus. Regent Institute (D/191), Palace Gate, London, W.8.

PSYCHOLOGIST. Mrs. Phyllis Perlow, 89 Somerton Rd., N.W.2. GLA. 2400.

PHILIP HUMPHREYS, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. KENsington 8042.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

ARE you living on your nerves? Avoid a breakdown and try Nerve Manipulation, a relaxing, invigorating and stimulating treatment of proved value. Ask for explanatory brochure. The Nerve Centre, 1 Bentinck St., London, W.1. Enquiries: Welbeck 9600.

JOHN Vickers—Photographer of many of Britain's great personalities, welcomes those who usually dislike being photographed. 29b Belgrave Rd., London, S.W.1. Tel. VICtoria 4915.

MAN graduate (31) of varied exper. seeks useful constructive work, pref. in country. Offers/suggestions welc. Box 1429.

ENGLISH conversation práctice offered in exch. for French, London. Box 1418.

AUTHORS, artists, musicians, entertainers, producers, actors . . . all who lead a creative life are invited to contact the Popular Television Association at 78 Buckingham Gate, London, S.W.1. ABBey 4437, if they feel they have something to offer competitive television producers.

BOYS and girls enjoy holidays at Pinewood, Amwellbury, Herts. Elizabeth Strachan. Ware 52.

PERSONAL—continued

PSYCHOLOGICAL treatment on private consultant lines. Partics. from Sec., London Centre for Psychotherapy, 11b Dryden Chambers, 119 Oxford St., London, W.1.

MATHS. for Matric. Inter. Rustomjee, 2 Carlingford Rd., N.W.3. HAM. 0210. 6 Rectory Avenue, High Wycombe. H.W. 1436.

P.S. For the coming winter season Harold Ingham is concentrating on a very few economical ski parties in Austria and Switzerland. Apply for programme (in preparation) to 15 St. John's Road, Harrow.

SCHOOLS

BURGESS Hill School, 11 Oak Hill Park, N.W.3. Co-educational Day School owned and controlled by a Friendly Society of Parents and Staff. K.G. 15gns., Junior and Senior Schools 18gns. The School has a small group of weekly boarders and there are 2/3 vacancies at present. Boarding charge 25gns. p. term in addition to tuition fees.

THE New School, Kings Langley, Herts. Day and Boarding School for boys and girls from 5 to 18. The well-balanced and comprehensive method of education, based on Rudolf Steiner's principles, avoids early specialisation and aims at unfolding the individual faculties and gifts of the child while developing truly social impulses. Preparation for School Leaving Examinations. Moderate fees. Prospectus on request.

NEW Sherwood School, Epsom, parent-owned, progressive and co-educational, encourages children to explore their world and master its skills with friendly co-operation rather than authoritarian pressure from staff and parents. We welcome enquiries from parents of genuinely progressive outlook who wish to take an active interest in the development of their children.

PINEWOOD, Amwellbury, Herts. (Ware 52) for children 4 to 14, where diet, environment, psychology and teaching methods maintain health and happiness. Facilities for weekly boarders. Elizabeth Strachan.

ST. Alban's nursery school, St Alban's Church Hall, West Heath Drive, N.W.11. Vacancies, children 3-5 years. Mornings only.

ST. Mary's Town and Country School. Day School: 38-40 Eton Avenue, Hampstead, N.W.3. PRI. 4306. Boarding School: Temporarily Hampstead. Boys and Girls. Recognised Ministry of Education. Realistic Modern Approach. Preparation for exams. E. Paul, Ph.D. R. D. Gardner, N.F.U.

ST. Nicholas School, 39 Albyn Place, Aberdeen. A day school for boys and girls 5-13. Directors: John R. Allan, M.A., Mrs. Jean Allan, M.A., John Mackie.

WYCHWOOD Girls' School, Oxford, 10 to University age; small classes; exceptional cultural and musical opportunities, self-governing community. Principals, Miss M. L. Lee, M.A., Miss B. M. Snodgrass, M.A.

RELIABLE advice given (gratis) by Truman and Knightley, Ltd., concerning schools for boys and girls. Clarendon House, 11 & 12 Clifford St. W.1. REGent 2803. Fndd. 1901.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

NORTH Wales, 4 miles Dolgelley. Stone House, 3 reception rooms, 4-5 bedrooms, bath-w.c., stores, Rayburn cooker, outhouses and garage, own elec. light, garden and about 6 acres grazing let annually at £6 p.a. Avail. September. Quick sale, £3,000. Box 1577.

CHALET Bungalow on Stroud/Cheltenham bus route. 1 sit., 2 bedrooms, kitchen, bath. Inside flush lav. Main water. Oil cook and light. Pleasant surroundings. Furnished £800. Box 1619.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

TRIGON House Hotel, Notting Hill Gate, 40 Pembridge Villas, W.11. 'Phone BAY 0667. Lux. serv. rooms w. board. Reasonable.

A CHARMING Bijou Guest House, h. & c.; garden; rooms, incl. breakfast and dinner, from £3 10s. Few mins. Marble Arch, nr. tube, buses. 80 Maida Vale, W.9. MAI. 1930.

KENWYN Private Hotel, 29 West Cromwell Rd., S.W.5. FRO. 1000. All cons. 12s. 6d./15s. 6d. B. & B., wkly. terms arrgd.

A BRIGHT hotel (close Marble Arch), White Park, 9, Lancaster Gate, W.2 (Pad. 8406); c.h.w., phones, restaurant, porters, from 17s. 6d. daily, and breakfast.

LARGE Furnished Bed-sittingroom for gentleman, in professional (musical) household; cooking facilities, linen provided; 20 min. Waterloo. 3gns. 21 Denmark Avenue, Wimbledon. WIM. 0168.

PLEAS. bed-sit. rm., single, ckg. fac. Bus. pers./stud. Goldhurst. Tce. MAI. 5426.

HAMPSTEAD. Single divan-room facing Heath in Georgian house with garden. Use kitchen, bathroom. Gas-fire, ring, linen, silver. £2 weekly. Apply Mrs. Roberts, 71 South End Rd., N.W.3.

LARGE quiet bed-sitting room (newly dec.) with use of kit. & bathroom in flat in converted Queen Anne house with garden front & back. 10 mins. Waterloo & Sloane Square. Lock-up garage available. Box 1383.

TO let. Bed-sit. room with all conv., suitable for businessman or single lady, from Sept. 20. 'Phone PRImrose 5362.

GIRL offered half share of another's charming N.W.1 flat. Box 1574.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

ATTRACTIVELY furnished flat to let. Two rooms and bathroom, telephone, service, meals at moderate prices. Write R. L. Travers, Artillery Mansions, Westminster.

NICE room (ideally 2), (un)furn./part, or flat(let), use kit., W. S.W., educ. bus. wm. (30's), willing (if inducement) give occ. services. Box 1592.

UNDERGRAD, Oxford, offers use of s.c. flat N.W.8 to another young bachelor. Law preferred. Share when in town. Low rent. References. Box 1380.

CLOSE Belsize Pk. Tube, well fur. b/s. rm., brkfst., other meals opt., bath, 'phone after 4, week-ends after 11 a.m. PRI. 2403.

ST. John's Wood. Charm. furn. flatl. priv. resid. 3gns. Refs. rqd. MAI. 5647.

L. bed-sitt., bookshelves, share kit. frig., gdn. Quiet house nr. Swiss Cott.: 45s. MAI. 2508 aft. 6 p.m. or w/e. Box 1682.

WELL-fur. bedrm., mod. W. London flat, bkfst., serv., c.h. 3gns. Box 1680.

TO let, together or separately, in family house N.W.11, large pleasant bed-sit., cooking facilities, etc., use bath. Also bedroom adjoining. References. Box 1590.

TO Let: Single furn. bedroom (gasfire and gasring), use of bathroom with geyser, Hampstead. Box 1677.

BRIGHT large room with dressing room, charmingly furn., in newly decorated lux. flat. Best Hampstead area, 1 min. Finchley Rd. All conveniences. Box 1669/GRO. 6585.

TO let, in lady's lovely period house Kensington, 2 well-furnished bed-sitting rooms, own kit., use spare bathroom. Rooms cleaned daily. 3gns. each wkly. Only suitable ladies requiring quiet home. Box 1665.

NR. Hampstead Heath, pleas. fur. b/sit. rm. in priv. flat, own tel., cen. htg., use bathroom, garden. 50s. p.w. Box 1663.

QUIET, amid trees on Dollis Hill, furn. bed-sit. and kitchen. Use of bath. £2 15s. incl. light and hot water. GLA. 7247.

AT Kensington, W.8, furn. self-contd. flat to let for Students, or to share 4 to 8 persons, 5 bedrooms and lounge (one floor easy to run), bath, h. & c.w. basins, kit., frig., 'phone & all comfs. Rent 12gns. on 12 months tenancy. H., 9 Lancaster Gate, W.2. PAD. 8406 or evgs. WES. 4156.

BED, breakfast, service, cent. heating, modern flat, W.6. 3gns. Box 1609.

ST. John's Wood. Large well-furnished double divan room with kitchen-dining room. C.H.W. sharing bath, etc. Very quiet, £4 10s. weekly. Primrose 4485. Box 1641.

WEST End flat avail. for sharing Housekpr., Valeting, etc., recently redec. S/c bachelor's service flat. All amens. Meals served in own flat by arrgmt. KNI. 1123.

SUNNY furn. room Mews flat near Marble Arch, suit business woman. PAD. 0504.

PLEASANT furn. room, 1st floor. Bus. lady/stud. S. Ken. FRE. 2881 7-9 p.m.

FLAT furn. for 4, linen, etc., £7 7s. weekly. 2 bed sittrms., dining-rm. kit-chenette, bathroom, 3rd floor over shop, Lorraine, 157 Kensington High St. (Nr. Pontings); tel./call 9 a.m.-6 p.m. WES. 2211.

"THE Homefinder" can help you find a house. Hundreds advertised in every issue. Published monthly, price 9d., from Newsagents. By post 1s. from Homefinders, Ltd., 42 Wool Exchange, London, E.C.2.

SURREY. 30 mins. Victoria by elec. trains. Beautifully furn. s/c flat, 2 bedrms. h. & c. (1 double), balcony lounge, kit.-dining room, bathroom, tel., use garden. 8gns. p.w. Box 1473.

FURNISHED Cottage to let, St. Ives, Cornwall. 2gns. a week. Available now. Telephone St. Ives 2721 or MOUntview (London) 4719 or write Box 1671.

ARTIST'S houseboat to let, Kingston, weekly, longer. Linen for three. £3 10s. incl. gas. References reqd. Box 1420.

BETWEEN Looe & Polperro. To let furnished bungalow-cottage. 3 bedrooms, bath, modern conveniences. Secluded in estate gardens near sea. Warm winter climate. Blackburst, Porthallow, Looe, C'wall.

ATTRACTIVE old-modernised well-furnished house to let Hertford town, 2 years from mid-September. 4 reception, 5-6 bed, 2 bath and W.C., garage. Nice garden. Excellent location. Can sub-let self-cont. accom. if desired. Help avail. 10gns. weekly incl. gardener. Tel. Hertford 5795.

QUIET rm. wanted for yng. prof. woman, pref. unfur., self-contained. Box 1662.

PSYCHOLOGIST, returned from year abroad, seeks share consulting room, evgs., nr. residence Devonshire Pl. Box 1621.

HOME Cnties., sml. furn. house or 2 lge bright rms. in quiet country cott. wanted this autumn; longer next yr. Box 1499.

PROF. cple req. Lond. furn. 2-rmd. s.c. flat or similar. Mod. rent. Box 1587.

STUDENT, wife sk. Lon. flat. Max. £2 Reas. furn. bght. Wd. baby-sit. Box 1417.

PROF. woman seeks furn./unfurn. accom. N.W., W. or S.W. London. Box 1522.

PLEASE help very young couple, 1 child, desp. need self-contained unfurnished flat, London or near. Reas. rent. Box 942.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ARTS. Tem. 3334. Last 2 days at 5 & 8. "Henry IV." Mems. 5s. yrly.

IRVING, WHI. 8667. From Thurs., Sept. 10, evgs. 7.30 exc. Mon., Sun. 6.30, "Juno and the Paycock," by Sean O'Casey, the famous Irish play, all Irish cast. Mems. 5s.

LONDON'S Only Late-Night Theatre, The Irving, Leicester Sq. (WHI. 8657). Evgs. (exc. Mon.) 10.30, Sun. 9.30. "Sing For Your Supper," our Autumn late night intimate revue. Licensed till midnight. Mems. 5s.

UNITY. (EUS. 5391.) Cobley's farcical Comedy "No!" Weds.-Suns. 7.30. Mems. 2s. 6d. p.a.

FOREIGN Plays Festival. Sundays, September 20. Victor Rietti, Ann Gudrun. The Rising Sun. Enquiries International Theatre, GLA. 2692.

PEOPLE'S Pal. Adv. 3520. Sun., Sept. 6, 7.30. "A Tale of Five Cities" (A).

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Until Sep. 6: "The Grapes of Wrath" (A). From Sep. 7: "The History of Mr. Polly" (A). From Sep. 10: "Oliver Twist" (A).

HOLBORN Film Society. Sixth season begins October 4. Membership 15s. for 14 shows, or 10s. for 7 shows. Programmes include: Sunday in August; Orpheus, Childhood of Maxim Gorky, Red Badge of Courage, Whisky Galore, Italian Straw Hat, Day of Wrath, Strange Incident. Details from Hon. Secretary, 198 High Holborn, W.C.1.

CELEBRATION: Anniversary Bulgarian Liberation Day—"Bulgaria," by D. Kartun with Ann Lindsay, Michael Golden, Peter Copley, Martin Lawrence, W.M.A. Singers, Bulgarian Dancers. Speakers: H.E. The Bulgarian Minister, Rev. G. B. Chambers, D. N. Pritt, Q.C. Tues., Sept. 8, 7.15. Conway Hall. Tkts. 1s., 2s. 6d., 5s. from Soc. for Frndshp. with Bulgaria, 1 Wardrobe Pl., Carter Lane, E.C.4, or at door.

CONCERTS

HENRY Wood Promenade Concerts. Royal Albert Hall. Nightly (Suns. excepted) at 7.30, until Sat., Sept. 19. Tkts. 8s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d. at Hall (KEN. 8212) and Agents. 2,000 Promenade (with seating for 440), 2s. 6d., available nightly at doors only.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED. An exhibition of fascimiles, with some originals, Turnstile Prints, & specimens of other work, Parsons Gallery, 70 Grosvenor St., W.1. Sep. 8-25, 10-5 wk-days, Thrs., 10-8; Sats., 10-1. Closing Sept. 12.

ALA. Gallery, 15 Lisle St., Leicester Sq., W.C.2. 11 a.m.-6 p.m., Sep. 8-25. Picture Lending Library Exhibition.

IRVING Galleries, Irving St., Leicester Square. Oil paintings by Margaret Wilson and Jennifer Rope. Until Sept. 30.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17-18 Dover St., W.1. Parallel of Life and Art Indications of a new visual order. Daily 11-6. Closed Sundays. Sept. 11-October 17.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Redouté Roses & New Picasso Lithographs. 10-5.30, Sat. 10-12.30.

BRIGHTON. Royal Pavilion. The State Apartments and King's Private Apartments with Regency furniture and works of art. Open daily 10 to 7 including Sundays.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St., W.1. Names to Remember.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. French and British Paintings. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Six Young Contemporaries, and Paintings by Donald Hamilton-Fraser.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. Summer Exhibition of Modern Paintings. Also Portrait of Tensing by Michael Werner.

ARTISTS of Fame and Promise Part II. Entirely new exhibition. Leicester Galleries, Leicester Square. 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

JULIUS Fucik Anniversary Commemoration, Sunday, September 6, at 20 Pont Street, S.W.1. Opening of Fucik Exhibition at 6 p.m. followed at 7.15 p.m. by Dramatic Presentation written and produced by Stephen Jolly. Admission Free.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Wed., Sept. 9, 7.30 p.m. St. Anne's House, 57 Dean St., W.1. "Yugoslavia To-day." Spkr. A. Sobotacz, Press Councillor, Yugoslav Embassy. Adm. 2s.

DR. George Catlin on "India's Contribution to the West," Friday, Sept. 11, at 8.15. Chairman: Iqbal Singh. All welc. No collection. London Branch, Indian Institute of Culture, 62 Queen's Gardens, W.2.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

W.E.A. (St. Pancras North Branch). Public meeting: "National Aspirations in Africa." Speakers: Rt. Hon. A. Creech Jones, P.C., Rev. Michael Scott. At Leighton Hall, nr. Kentish Town Stn., N.W.5. Tues., September 15, 8 p.m. Admission free. Autumn class on Africa arranged.

WHAT is Happening in Hungary To-day? Come to the Royal Hotel, Woburn Place, W.C.1, on Sunday, Sept. 6 and ask the 14 Trade Union delegates just back from a 3 weeks' visit. Admission free—doors open 6.30 p.m. New Hungarian film.

SHAW Society holds lively meetings monthly (Shavian & other topics) in beautiful Lamont Room, National Book League, 7 Albemarle St. Sept. 11, 7 p.m.: Prof. A. H. Nethercot (N.W. Univ., Illinois). Programs also arranged for other groups: Shaw, Mark Twain, &c. Engs: 45 Steeplestone Close, N.18.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday Mornings at 11 o'clock. Sep. 13. S. K. Ratcliffe, "East and West Now." Questions after lecture. Admission free.

THEOSOPHY. Public Lectures, Sundays, 7 p.m. Sept. 6: "A Simple Explanation of Death." All welcome. No collection. United Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gdns., W.2. Leinster Terrace bus stop, Bayswater Rd., Paddington, or Lancaster Gate Stn., nr. Devonshire Terrace, Craven Rd.

"HAMBURG—Germany's gateway to the world." Lecture with sound film. Dr. P. Martens (Hamburg Univ.). Leytonstone Library (2 mins. Leyton-tone Stn. Central Line). Tues. Sept. 8, 7.45 p.m. Free. Arranged by Leyton-Wandsbek Friendship Association.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. Sept. 12 at 6 p.m., Roland Von Bassewitz "Die Oberrheinische Tiefebene."

LONDON Society of Psychology, W.C.2. Lectures, Discussion and Study Groups. Questions. New session: Sept. 9. Particulars: The Secretary, 7 Hillier Rd., S.W.11.

JUNIOR Discussion Group, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Friday, Sep. 4, 7.15 p.m.: L. P. Preston, "The Triumph of Age."

BRAZIERS, Ipsden, Oxon. Sept. 18-20. "The Unity of the Arts" and "Home Study Planning for External Students."

BUDDHIST Society. Special public lecture, 6.30 p.m., Friday, Sept. 11, Caxton Hall, S.W.1. "Zen Buddhism." Dr. D. T. Suzuki.

DOCTOR H. Allan: "Atomic Energy," New Generation Group of Hampstead Ethical Soc., Studio Hse., 1, Hampstead Hill Gdns., Rosslyn Hill, N.W.3. Mon. Sept. 7, 8.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

THE Royal Geographical Society and The Alpine Club present by arrangement with Wilfrid Van Wyck 11 Illustrated Lectures on the Ascent of Everest. Lecturers: Col. Sir John Hunt, Sir Edmund Hillary, A. Gregory, Mal. C. G. Wylie, W. G. Lowe, T. D. Bourdillon, C. W. F. Noyce. Royal Festival Hall. Sept. 16, 18, 19, 21, 22, 23, 28, Oct. 13, Nov. 2. All at 8. Mats.: Sat., Sept. 19, at 3, Sat., Oct. 10, at 2.30. 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d., 10s., 12s. 6d., 15s. Tickets and details, Box Office, Waterloo 3191, and Agents.

UNIVERSITY of London (University Extension Lectures). Aspects of Recorded Sound—12 lectures illustrating various uses of records in the study of music, literature and science. First lecture, 7 p.m., October 7: Lecturer: Esmé Percy; Chairman: Gilbert Harding. Later lecturers: Ludwig Koch, Agnes Nicholls, Thurston Dart, Maggie Teyte, Bernard Shore, Frank Howes, Patric Dickinson, David Abercrombie, Elena Gerhardt, Gerald Abraham, Desmond Shawe-Taylor (Fee £1). Music of the Viennese Period and of To-day—12 lectures by William Glock. First lecture, 7 p.m., October 12 (Fee 15s.). Write for particulars: Hon. Sec., British Institute of Recorded Sound, Ltd., 36 Redcliffe Close, Old Brompton Road, S.W.5.

URCHFONT Manor. Selected Courses, Sept. 21-27: "Thinking, Speaking, Writing"; help to clear and easy expression; attention to style. Oct. 23-25: "Othello"; a producer's interpretation. Oct. 26-Nov. 1: "American Literature"; European and native ingredients; effect upon European writing. Nov. 20-22. "Flemish Painters"; their contribution to the history of Art, related to the forthcoming Exhibition at the Academy. Full details of these and other courses from The Warden, Urchfont Manor, Devizes, Wiltshire.

FREE Ten-Week Courses in Basic Economics and Social Philosophy will begin in the following areas: Ilford and Muswell Hill —Wed., Sept. 16; Enfield and Bexley—Wed., Sept. 23; Croydon and Bethnal Green—Thurs., Sept. 24. Write for full particulars and prospectus to The Henry George School of Social Science, 4 Great Smith St., London, S.W.1, or telephone ABBey 6665.

MEDICAL Secretaryships, Institutional Housekeepers, Dietitian-Caterers, Hotel Receptionists, Managaresses, Cert. Bk.-kprs., success. Postal courses. Brochures 3d., Sec., Southern Training College, Brighton, 6.

GREGG Shorthand. Priv. Tuition Groups. Qual. Tchrs., W.1. WEL. 9449/LIB. 5770.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

BECOME You Own Economist! Free 10-week courses in Basic Economics and Social Philosophy begin Tuesday and Thursday, September 15 and 17, at Westminster, 7-9 p.m. Write for full particulars and prospectus to The Henry George School of Social Science, 4 Great Smith St., London, S.W.1, or telephone ABBey 6665.

LANGUAGE Problem Solved. The Pelman Languages Institute teaches French, German, Spanish, Italian without the use of English; the method is explained in four little books, one for each language; write for book and specimen lessons, sent gratis, post free. (Reduced fees for members of H.M. Forces.) Pelman Languages Institute, 67 Norfolk Mansions, Wigmore St., London, W.1.

NEW thought and research on social problems drop a card now to Research Com. Sec., Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon. for full details of Research Communications Project.

LIBERAL Jewish Synagogue Religion School, 28 St. John's Wood Road, N.W.8. New Term begins Sunday, September 13, at 10 a.m., when the Principal will be pleased to enrol new pupils. Classes are held regularly on Sunday morning in all Jewish subjects, including Jewish history, ceremonies and Hebrew, and are open to all children from 7 to 16, whether or not their parents are members of the Synagogue. For particulars of correspondence course of religious instruction for children who cannot attend at the Synagogue, apply to the School Secretary.

POSTAL tuition for Gen. Cert. of Educn. (Lond., Oxf., Camb., Northn.); London B.A., B.Sc. B.Sc.Econ., LL.B., B.D., Degrees; Law Exams., etc. Low fees. Prospectus from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VH92, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

ADMINISTRATIVE and Secretarial Training. Expert advice on careers. Individual care. Good posts found for all qualified students. Courses for Political, Hospital, Hotel and Library work; Journalism, Advertising, Languages and Foreign Shorthands and in Management; also in English for Foreign Students. Intensive training for graduates. Scholarships available. Resident and day students. Apply J. W. Loveridge, M.A. (Cantab.), St. Godric's Secretarial College, 2 Arkwright Rd. N.W.3. HAM. 5986.

COMPLETE Secretarial Training and shorter courses for graduates or older students at Davies's, White Lodge, 2 Addison Rd., W. 14. Telephone: PARk 4465.

"SO you're going to the University?" "Freshers' conference, Sept. 21-24, at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon. Checkendon 221.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages and School of English for Foreign Nationals, 63 Oxford St., W.1. Tel. Gerrard 8531-2. All Foreign Languages taught in day and evening classes, or private lessons; beginners and all grades. Intensive Daily Classes in English and preparation for Cambridge Univ. Certificate. Short or Long Courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

MARYLEBONE Tutorials. Individual tuition for General Certificate at all levels & University Entrance Exams. &c. 33 Nottingham Pl., London, W.1. WEL. 8022.

INTENSIVE Secretarial Training (Gregg). Also evening classes shorthand/typewriting. Frances King, 3 Harrington Road, S.W.7. KEN. 4771, REN. 1806.

FOREIGN Languages. Coaching at all standards daily 9 a.m.-9 p.m. London Schools for Languages, 20-21, Princes Street, Hanover Sq., W.1. MAY. 2120.

DANCE Training (Educational & Expressive), Rhythm & Percussion Practice for Adults & Children at Lilian Harmel Studio, 48/2 Elsworthy Rd., N.W.3. Tel.: PRI. 3500.

PITMAN'S shorthand. Private individual tuition. No classes. 4 minutes Baker Street. PAD. 6929.

CLASSICS, English, French, English for foreigners. David Smith, HAM. 6340.

SHORTHAND, typewriting, commercial subjects. Complete crses. Special shthnd. speed classes. Mod. fees. Hall, 502 Grand Bldgs., Trafalgar Sq., W.C.2. WHI. 5392.

THE Kynaston School of Pianoforte (Leschetizky Method). New term com. Sept. 14 at Kensington Studio & 21 Denmark Ave., Wimbledon. All details—Sec., WIM. 0168.

TOUCH-typing and/or Shorthand. Private tuition. BAY.water 1786.

PIANIST, L.R.A.M., A.R.C.M., with special interest in teaching systematic technique, could accept a few pupils London or N. Surrey. Martin Wilson, VIGilant 4528.

LANGUAGES incl. Russian, English for foreigners, in comf. informal atmosphere at Language Centre, Gayton Rd., N.W.3. Expd. teachers, mod. fees. HAM. 9097.

EXPERT Tuition in interpretation and technique of pianoforte playing—Leschetizky Method Tanya Polunin L.R.A.M. BAY. 2816.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

"TO See and To Hear," by C. Leslie Thomson, B.Sc. 5s. 4d., from the Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

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